New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR. AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

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A man just in the act of lifting a barrel of flour felt a hand laid on his shoulder. "Stop!" said the stranger, "You can't lift that." "How do you know I can't?" said the man. "Because I am a physician, and know it's impossible." "That may be," said the man, "but I know I can," and he stooped and lifted the barrel to his shoulder. "What made you so sure you could do it?" asked the astonished physician. "Because I've been doing it every day for years," said the man.

There are physicians who say in good faith to those whose lungs are worn by disease "It is impossible to help you." And yet thousands of these impossibles have been helped and healed by Dr. R. V. Pierce whose "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured them, when the hollow cheek, the rasping cough, the burning flush, and night-sweats have all pointed to consumption.

Ninety-eight out of every hundred such imposible cases can be cured says Dr. Pierce. What makes him so sure? Because he has been curing just such cases for more than thirty years. "Golden Medical Discovery" is strength to the stomach, life to the lungs, nourishment to the nerves. It makes new blood and the new blood builds a new body—a fit temple of health.

There is nothing just as good as "Golden Medical Discovery," so let no one deceive you into accepting a substitute.

"I beg to state that I have used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery since my correspondence with you and find great improvement in my case," writes Mr. A. P. Novotny, of New York, N. Y., (Box 1457). "I feel that I am in need of no more medical assistance. When I started to take your medicine I had a regular consumptive cough, of which I was afraid, and every body cautioned and warned me concerning it. I was losing weight rapidly, was very pale and had no appetite whatever. Now my condition is changed entirely. I do not cough at all, have gained eight pounds in weight, have recovered my healthy color, and my appetite is enormous. I can recommend your medicine, as it is a sure cure, no humbug, as are most other patent medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

KENTUCKY MULES AND HORSES.

SATURDAY, OCT. 21st, I will receive two car loads of MULES, from 1 to 4 years old. Also have lot broken Mules, and good Horses on hand.

For sale or exchange at lowest possible prices.

Come and see me for Bargains. I will not be undersold.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

Clothing!

This week has brought to my store the largest line of Fall

MEN'S CLOTHING

ever brought to this town. Every pattern and style that could be had, I have in my store and I know I can please the most critical judge.

BOYS, CLOTHING,

just as large a stock of them as the Men's Clothing, are found on my shelves awaiting your inspection. They are beaties, of every color, size, weight and price. If you were to see them I know there would be no trouble to please you.

Shoes.

Again I call your attention to the fine large line of shoes I carry. My stock is just double that of last year, and I have a much better assortment.

MYER MILLER,

CASH CLOTHIER,

LITTLESTOWN, PA.,

WM. McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge. WM. ARCH. McCLEAN

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MR. HERSH FOR RE-ELECTION

A Truly Popular Candidate for the Office of District Attorney.

A RISING YOUNG LAWYER

For Seventeen Years a Farmer Boy —Always Corteous and Pleasant to All—An Efficint District Attorney—Obliging and Clever.

William Hersh, Esq., the popular Republican candidate for District Attorney, was born in New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., Oct. 11th, 1870. He is a son of Capt. James Hersh, Ex-Sheriff of Adams county, and was raised on the Meadow Valley Stock Farm in Cumberland township. He lived there for seventeen years, and while attending school worked on the farm and helped in the care of the stock. He graduated at

Pennsylvania College in 1891, and began the study of Law with Wm. Hersh, Jr., Esq., and was admitted to the Bar Sept. 17, 1893.

He has served successfully as Attorney for the Boroughs of Littlestown, Fairfield, Gettysburg and Bendersville.

By incessant application and devotion to duty, he has won a good practice and has a large clientage in the county. He is recognized as one of the brightest and most capable young lawyers at the Bar, and shows much skill and ability in the preparation and handling of his cases.

Mr. Hersh was nominated in 1896 for District Attorney, and was elected by the handsome majority of 1178, being the highest majority ever received by a candidate in Adams county.

As District Attorney for the past three years, Mr. Hersh has discharged his duties conscientiously and fearlessly, and has been most successful. His record is clean and creditable and in his re-election, the people of Adams county will not misplace their confidence, for he has proven himself an efficient officer and is excellently qualified in every way.

CHARLES E. DEATRICK,

Republican Candidate for Clerk of the Courts.

Charles Earnest Deatrick was born April 7, 1868, in Hunterstown. He is a son of Boreas and Eliza Reaver Deatrick. Mr. Deatrick learned the carpenter trade with his father and worked at it four years, during the summer and taught school in the winter. He was one of Adams county's most successful teachers, always giving entire satisfaction to his constituents and patrons. At present he is engaged at farming, which occupation he has followed for eight years. Mr. Deatrick can truthfully say that he nor any of the family ever held an office in township or county and have always been staunch Republicans and active workers in the party to which they belong.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE—Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Randolph Wehler druggist.

J. LAWRENCE WILLIAMS,

Democratic Candidate for District Attorney.

James Lawrence Williams, the Democratic nominee for District Attorney, was born in Gettysburg, Pa., Nov. 29th, 1869, and consequently is 30 years of age. He is the third son of M. F. and Sarah (Utz) Williams, and has resided in this county all his life. His father removed from Gettysburg to Straban township in 1883, and the following year to the old Herbst farm in Cumberland township.

Mr. Williams received his education in the common schools of the county, the Gettysburg High School and the Preparatory Dep't. of Gettysburg College. He read law with J. A. Kitzmiller, Esq., and was admitted to the Adams County Bar May 12, 1892, and to the Superior Court March 11, 1896.

Mr. Williams has always been active in Democratic politics. He served as Secretary of the Democratic County Committee in 1896 and 1897, and has always used his best efforts for the success of the various tickets.

MORGAN MICKLEY,

Republican Candidate for Sheriff.

Morgan Mickley, of Gettysburg, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, is a widely known and industrious citizen. He was born in Franklin township, this county, in 1852, and is a son of Jacob Mickley, D. of D., a well known auctioneer. Mr. Mickley was raised on his father's farm and after he was married, in 1872, he commenced farming on his own account, which he followed for seven years; then he huckstered for five years and for the past fourteen years has been in the butchering business. He is a sterling Republican, as are all the Mickley's, none of whom have ever asked for public office. He is entitled to the support of every man who wishes to see a faithful citizen in the sheriff's office.

H. G. Wehler, Democratic candidate for Register and Recorder, needs no further introduction than that given to our readers during the past few weeks, as his character and ability for the office he aspires for are too well known for further comment. However, as this is our last issue before the election, we make an ardent appeal to the voters of Adams county, regardless of party convictions, to cast their votes to aid in rolling up a rousing majority for this capable and worthy nominee. It is the duty of good citizens to vote for the best men notwithstanding other influences to the contrary, and in Mr. Wehler you have an opportunity to vote for a gentleman of the highest character; the strongest convictions of diligence and fidelity in public office, and who will be agreeable and obliging if placed in the Register and Recorder's office.

STORM DAMAGE SOUTH.

Many Thousands of Dollars Lost in the Fury of the Gale.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 1.—Authoritative reports from Wrightsville and Corolina Beach say that the storm, which reached the height of its fury at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, has wrought great havoc to property at those points. No loss of life is reported.

At Wrightsville there are sixty odd cottages, and of this number fifteen are a total loss and the others badly damaged. Loss is estimated at from $20,000 to $25,000.

The trestle of the Wilmington Sea Coast railroad and track, aggregating in extent about three miles, are wrecked and the damage is conservatively estimated at from $40,000 to $50,000. At Wrightsville Sound, on the main line, about one mile this side of the beach, considerable damage was also done, and this is estimated at several thousand. At Carolina Beach, near the mouth of the river, the loss is placed at from $12,000 to $15,000.

A Newbern dispatch says: A hurricane passed through this section Monday night. The tide was two feet higher than ever before. Small boats were thrown into the public streets.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MILLIONS.

Alfred, the Second Son, Gets the Bulk of the Great Fortune.

New York, Oct. 27.—The provisions of the will of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt were made public last night in a statement by Chauncey M. Depew.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt inherits the larger portion of his father's fortune, and becomes practically the head of the Vanderbilt family. The will makes no mention of the marriage of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., to Miss Wilson, nor to any quarrel between father and son because of the union, but apparently the father's displeasure was visited upon the eldest son, he receiving all told under the terms of the will but $1,500,000, and $1,000,000 of this is held in trust by the executors. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt is, of course, the residuary legatee, and will possess a fortune of probably $40,000,000 to $50,000,000. Gladys, Reginald and Gertrude (Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney) will receive about $7,500,000 each.

To avoid protracted litigation, however, which Cornelius threatened, Alfred agrees to increase Cornelius' share to $10,000,000 in cash. Cornelius will leave the employment of the Central railroad, and will go into the banking business with his father-in-law, R. T. Wilson.

The dead millionaire's will was 8,000 words long, disposing of about $10,000 for every word written.

A MONSTER COMBINE.

To Control All Telegraph, Telephone and Cable Lines.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1.—One of the greatest financial combinations of the century is in process of formation. The organizers of the Continental Telegraph, Telephone and Cable company, recently incorporated in New Jersey, have obtained control of all the independent telephone companies in the United States, and aims to combine therewith the great telegraph companies and the five Atlantic cable companies. The capitalists interested in the venture include J. Piermont Morgan, George J. Gould, John Jacob Astor, William C. Whitney, P. A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins. Verification of the story was obtained from Mr. Widener, at his home in Ogontz. He talked freely of the colossal scheme, which, he says, will bring about sweeping reductions in the cost of transmission of electrical messages all over the country.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 31.—William Gordon, aged 40, a well known resident of Pittston, died yesterday from injuries received in a fight Saturday night. He entered Corcoran Brothers' saloon and got into a quarrel with the bartender. He was put out of the place, and when he got into the street was knocked down. His head struck the asphalt pavement and his skull was fractured.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—Flour weak; winter superfine, $2.15@2.40; Pennsylvania roller, clear, $3.10@3.20; city mills, extra, $2.50@2.70. Rye flour scarce and firm at $3.60 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania. Wheat steady; No. 2 red, spot, in elevator, 69¾@70¾c. Corn steady; No. 2 mixed, spot, in elevator, 37¾@38c.; No. 2 yellow, for local trade, 40c. Oats dull; No. 2 white, clipped, 31½@32c.; lower grades, 28@30c. Hay firm; choice timothy, $18 for large bales. Beef strong; city extra India mess, $17@19; beef hams, $23@24. Pork firm; old mess, $9.25@9.50; new mess, $10; family, $12@13.50. Butter firm; western creamery, 17@21c.; do. factory, 14½@16½c.; June creamery, 17@23c.; imitation creamery, 15½@20c.; New York dairy, 16½@20c.; do. creamery, 17@24c.; fancy Pennsylvania prints jobbing at 26@29c.; do. wholesale, 25c. Cheese weak; large, white, 12c.; small do., 12½@12¾c.; large, colored, 12@12½c.; small do., 12½@12¾c. Eggs steady; New York and Pennsylvania, 26½@21c.; western, ungraded, at mark, 14@18c.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Thursday, Oct. 26.

Grant Allen, the well known author, is dead in London.

Michael Davitt has resigned from the British house of commons.

Russia has opened the Siberian gold fields to foreign exploitation.

Forty-three high Russian officials are to be court martialed for fraud and corruption at Sevastopol.

Hungarian miners employed at the Milnesville (Pa.) colliery struck because one miner had been deposed from the mines to the strippings.

The St. Louis World's fair committee still needs nearly $1,000,000 to complete the $5,000,000 subscription to carry out the plans of the exposition.

Friday, Oct. 27.

Sir Henry Irving and his theatrical company reached New York from London.

An industrial school for Cuban soldiers' orphans is to be established in Santiago.

The admissions to Philadelphia's export exposition yesterday (German day) numbered 23,292.

A train crashed into a crowded trolley car at Detroit, killing Conductor Schneider and injuring 22 passengers, two fatally.

The Chicago board of education will insist on an inspection of every child for diphtheria and scarlet fever before it is admitted to the public schools.

The total number of immigrants arriving in this country during the year ending June 30 last was 311,715, an increase of 82,416 over the preceding year.

Saturday, Oct. 28.

Florence Marryatt (Mrs. Frances Lean), the well known authoress, died in London yesterday.

While all is quiet in the cowboy and Mexican feud on the border, the authorities fear another outbreak at any time.

While a Tammany ratification meeting was in progress a crank, armed with a marlin spike, threatened to kill Richard Croker.

E. O. Osgood, of Angelica, N. Y., was blind when he was married 50 years ago, but a surgical operation has just restored his vision.

The cruisers Marblehead and Detroit will be sent to Panama to protect American interests in view of the existing revolution in Colombia.

The foreign ministers to Venezuela have decided not to recognize the Castro administration until so directed by their respective governments.

Monday, Oct. 30.

General Fitzhugh Lee declares that the Cuban people are not yet fitted for self government.

Rear Admiral Crowell, at Havana, will succeed Schley as president of the naval retiring board.

Upsetting a lamp in her barn, Mrs. Edna Vanhorn, of Lanesboro, Pa., was burned to death in the building.

Herbert Cole, 18-year-old schoolboy, is dying at Winona, Minn., from a fractured skull received in a football game.

George M. Lee, son of General Fitzhugh Lee, has been appointed a first lieutenant in the Thirty-ninth infantry.

Walter Griffin, of Winsted, Conn., deserted from the Thirty-fifth volunteers at Vancouver to return home and see his bride, but was arrested, and is likely to be shot.

Tuesday, Oct. 31.

The New York fire department has added searchlights to its appliances.

Princess Isabelle of Orleans and her cousin, Prince Jean of Orleans, were married in London yesterday.

William H. Webb, the shipbuilder and philanthropist, died in New York yesterday, aged 83. He leaves $20,000,000.

In a battle with Zanzibar cannibals, ex-United States Consul Mohun killed 300 savages and lost nine of his European forces.

W. H. Jenkins, prosecutor of the pleas of Camden, N. J., dropped dead while viewing the races at the Aqueduct track, on Long Island.

Robert B. Jennings, a St. Louis street railway official, was robbed of $1,043 in cash and $48,750 in securities on a car in the central part of the city. Robbers escaped.

The Chicago express, east bound, on the Pittsburg and Western railroad, ran into an open switch near New Castle, Pa. The engine was overturned and George Holiday, the fireman, was killed.

Wednesday, Nov. 1.

A native revolt has broken out in Jen-Huiah-Sien, China, a magistrate being among the dead.

Two men, apparently laborers, were asphyxiated in a Chicago hotel. It is believed to be a case of double suicide.

Daniel Kieley was parboiled in a boiler which he was cleaning, other workmen in a Jersey City factory having closed him in unwittingly.

Emma Behanfield, a young woman of South Manchester, Conn., died in agony, while, it is alleged, Christian scientists stood by, refusing to call medical aid.

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KILLED IN BATTLE.

And some are sleeping 'mid the cane,
And some beneath the palm,
Where tropic wind and tropic rain
Sing their eternal psalm.
But one (my boy, I loved him so!
(In vain the seas would part)
Is with me wheresoe'er I go,
At rest within my heart.
—By Edwin L. Sabin, in New York Independent.

Netting a Wild Engine.

By James Buckham.

It was lonely enough at the little Pineville railroad station, set down as it was like a box-trap in the heart of the woods. "Pineville was a good name for it," thought Arthur Severson, the young station master and telegraph operator. Great pinetrees towered all about, their thick tops and spreading branches casting a solemn shade all day long over the two or three small buildings that represented the "railroad centre" of this backwood settlement. Yet considerable traffic came to the railroad company at that out-of-the-way station. During the fishing and hunting seasons it was a favorite point of departure for city sportsmen coming into the Maine woods. During the winter large quantities of hemlock bark, for tanning purposes, were shipped from Pineville; and there were always piles of furs and pelts on the platform, awaiting the "next train out." Nevertheless, for the greater part of the day, Pineville was silent and deserted save for the young telegraph operator, Arthur Severson, who had recently been sent there from Portland. If was the loneliness of the place that distressed him most. His work was light, as there were only four trains, freight and passenger, each day; and, aside from the train-despatcher's messages, he had very few telegrams to handle. But Arthur had been used to plenty of company, active employment, and wholesome excitement; and the utter quiet and lack of companionship at Pineville made him feel blue and homesick. He had not been at Pineville long, however, before an event occurred that gave him more excitement in half an hour than he had known in all his previous experience in "railroading."

It was a hot summer afternoon; and Arthur was sitting in his shirtsleeves on the station platform, about as lonesome and depressed a boy as could be found anywhere in the State of Maine, when suddenly he was brought to his feet by the sharp, distinct call of the train-despatcher over the wire. He sprang to his instrument in the little office, and promptly answered the call. Then came this startling message:

Wild engine on line between Racquette and Pineville. Side-track No. 40 if possible, before collision. Repeat.
D. J. Collison, Despatcher.

Trembling with excitement, Arthur repeated the despatcher's message, and added—he could scarcely tell why, for there was no distinct plan of action in his mind—"Will try to stop wild engine."

Then he sprang out on the platform and gazed up and down the long, straight stretch of track that cut the forests in two like the blade of a knife. No. 40 was the down passenger train, and she was due at Pineville in 15 minutes; but as yet there was no sign of her approach, not even the sound of her powerful chime-whistle in the distance. Neither was there any sign, in the other direction, of the coming of the dreaded wild engine—that terror of every railroad man's life. The woods were as still as death, save for creaking of a few locusts about the buildings and the "a-ronk" of a big bullfrog in a ditch back of the station.

Yet, peaceful and reassuring as the silence was, Arthur Severson knew that, somewhere down the track between Pineville and Racquette—a distance of 15 miles—that engine was rushing toward him with the speed of the wind.

His first impulse was to run and throw over the switch at the lower end of the siding, and derail the wild engine, if possible. Then he remembered his orders—to sidetrack the passenger train, and let the wild engine go by. There could be no excuse for him if he disobeyed these instructions upon his own responsibility, and the collision should take place after all, as it might if the passenger train should fail to pass the upper end of the siding in time. "Obey orders first!" thought Arthur, as he ran at the top of his speed to the upper end of the siding, and threw the switch over for the passenger train.

The side-track now belonged to No. 40, and was out of the problem as a factor in stopping the wild engine. Whatever the young telegraph operator might do to redeem his promise to the train-despatcher must be done without its aid. This he thoroughly realized, as he dashed back to the station.

In circumstances of extreme exigency and peril the mind sometimes works as if inspired, suggestions coming to it with lightning rapidity from every object that catches the attention of the senses. As young Severson rushed back to his post of duty, his eyes fell upon a great heap of two-inch rope, coil upon coil, piled on the station platform—a consignment just received by the Moses Valley Lumber company. Instantly a plan for stopping the wild engine formed itself in Arthur's mind, if he could only accomplish it in time. He would string those coils of tough rope across the track, from tree to tree, making a web of network of them, one behind another, and thus, perhaps, snare the plunging monster as a spider snares and binds a great green bottle-fly.

Oh for just ten minutes of precious time! Could he hope for them? Eagerly he sprang to the coils of rope, slashing off their fastenings with his knife, till every separate coil was loose. Then he ran breathlessly down the track, dragging the end of the topmost coil, as a fireman drags his hose. When the two-hundred-foot rope lay free behind him, he whipped the end in his hand about a monster pine, tied it firmly with a halter-hitch, and then began weaving the rope from pine to pine across the track, encircling each tree with a double loop, so that the strands of his web would not draw. Back and forth he toiled with feverish haste, hope springing higher in his heart with every new mesh added to his net.

The first coil of rope was stretched and tied about the pines; and Arthur tottered with weariness and heat, was dragging the second coil from the platform, when he heard the distant thunder of the approaching wild engine. Must his plan fail, after all? Would he be too late in weaving his web of ropes? If he could only stretch a few more strands across the track! Even if the first should snap like strings, they might check the locomotive's momentum, so that the last strands would hold it. Fiercely and determinedly the panting boy worked on. The mad clangor of the wild engine drew nearer and nearer, till the wood about him rang with the sound. But not one glance did he spare from his task to see how close the monster might be.

Just as he had looped and knotted the last foot of rope, with a hissing, roaring rush the wild engine plunged into the hempen net.

Snap! snap! snap! like rapid pistol-shots, went the first strands of rope, as they burst asunder before the mighty shoulders of the iron horse. Then the stubborn net work began to tell on the strength of its captive, huge and powerful though the latter was. The sixth tough cable strained and creaked ere it broke, the seventh snapped, but not until it had almost thrown the iron horse back upon his haunches, and at the eighth the shining monster stopped, its driving-wheels spinning madly round upon the rails, and the steam hissing shrilly from its valves, as if in conscious spite.

Even before the wild engine had come to a standstill, Arthur Severson sprang for the step and clambered up into the cab. Then he threw over the great lever and soothed the throbbing monster, till it lay quietly panting in the midst of its tangled net of ropes.

At that moment the passenger train came in sight far up the track. In a few moments it drew in upon the siding; and train-men and passengers came crowding around the engine, where the pale and exhausted young telegraph operator sat, with his hand still on the lever. The story of the wonderful rescue of No. 40 was not long in reaching official ears; and in less than two weeks Arthur Severson found himself established in the train-despatcher's office, filling an important position and drawing a liberal salary. He was not at all inclined to pose as a hero, however, but would modestly reply, when complimented upon his remarkable feat at Pineville—

"Why, it was as easy as stringing mother's clothes-line!"—Christian Register.

High Lights.

With what stationery ye write ye shall be written unto.

A strong-minded woman never has to borrow a penknife from a man.

When fortune knocks at a man's door she sometimes holds it open and lets the flies get in.

The reason people don't value our advice is because we are so willing to give it away.

Sometimes an optimist is a pessimist who doesn't want other people to catch his disease.

When a girl refuses a commonplace man he often goes away and gets to be somebody just for spite.

A genius is a person who can make lemonade just sweet enough and just sour enough for everybody in the family.

The man who has a sad, far-away look in his eyes is usually wondering whether he mailed that letter or whether he didn't.—Chicago Record.

Traveled With a Maid.

There are two sisters in Atchison. One is proud and lordly, and is posted in all the smart talk, and the other is meek, suppressed and apologetic. The two sisters recently took a trip together, and when at a hotel in a strange town the lordly one registered as "Miss —— and maid." The suppressed sister was too meek to protest and the lordly sister had a good time that day in a lordly way.—Atchison Globe.

CAPSULAR BANQUETS.

When Feasts Will Be Administered in the Form of Condensed Portions.

"See that handsomely dressed lady that went out just as you came in?" inquired the grocer. "I'll bet my head against a one cent postage stamp you can't guess what she wanted. No? I'll tell you. She wanted a glass of water and some salt. Yes. Then she whipped a little box out of her pocket, took a capsule out of the box, and, putting the salt in the water, floated the capsule down her throat. Then she laughed, thanked me, and said that was her luncheon. The capsules were filled with extract of beef.

"The idea of concentrated foods has been getting in its work in preparations for soups. A little box holding less than a quarter of a pint has concentrated within it vegetables and meats sufficient to make a quart or more of soup. A genius out in California discovered that 80 per cent. of the potato is water. He proceeded to drive away the water, and then shipped five times as much potato as it was possible to ship before desiccation.

"Don't you remember that it was said at the time of the war that prices were so high in Richmond, Va., that people brought their confederate money in a basket and took their family supplies of meat and vegetables home in their pocketbooks? We're coming to pretty much the same thing if this concentration goes on. It does not take much imagination to see that the time may be near at hand when the grower of garden truck will take his stuff not to the grocer, but to the back door of the manufacturing chemist, who will make it into various vegetable tablets.

"Then we shall have our tomatoes in tablets, our parsnips in pilules, and lettuce in lozengers. The pint of milk will be represented in a tablet the size of a trouser button. This is not at all fantastical. Some time ago a chemist announced that he could and would produce food to sustain life from ordinary coal tar, and that to it might be given the most delicate and entrancing flavors, and it might be made charming to the eye.

"If vegetables and other things that are now perishable are thus made into tablets, it is easy to see that there will not be the waste that we now have. Good-by to the garbage man, who now carries away the profit of the grocer in his odorous wagon. With the tabule business in full swing there would be no need for the grocer. He would go, and the places that have known him would know him no more forever. In his place there would be fellows along the street with little trays in front of them, like suspender and shoestring men, selling all kinds of vegetable tablets. More than this——"

Here the grocer was called away by a customer.

Gentlemen Sailors Did not Work.

The opportunity to get rich suddenly offered by privateering gave rise to a peculiar class of seamen, who became known as "gentlemen sailors." All seaports sending out privateers were thronged with these tars of exalted degree, and, in many cases, of long pedigree. Usually they were of highly respectable parentage, and in some instances belonged to well-known families. They went to sea, not as common seamen, but as adventurers to whom the chance of making prize money was sufficient inducement to undergo the hardships and perils of the sea.

Being better educated, and well trained to the use of arms—especially excelling the ordinary sailor in the latter accomplishment—they were welcomed in the privateer, and the commander was glad to give them unusual privileges. They were not assigned to the ordinary work of the seaman, but formed a sort of marine guard, standing between the officers and the regular crew. This arrangement came to be understood when the "gentleman sailor" shipped. The common seamen were to do the real drudgery of ship work, while these privileged tars were to be on hand when fighting was to be done.—Saturday Evening Post.

How Horses Are Bleached.

One of the most interesting and novel schemes that is resorted to when it comes to "doctoring" up a horse for sale is "peroxiding." Horses just suitable for carriage work, save that they do not quite match in color, are now "chemically blundered" to the tint desired in the twinkling of an eye. A "peroxided horse" shows what has been done to him soon after his new owner takes him away, and frequently he has to be "touched up." This bleaching does not injure the horses any more than it does the average girl; but the chemically tinted coat seldom looks well when closely examined, the dark roots of the hair showing on careful inspection. Yet it deceives the average buyer, and so answers its purpose.—London Sport.

Our Titled Families.

"Does that man from America belong to the aristocracy?" inquired the earl.

"Well," answered the duke reflectively. "I have heard it asserted that some members of his family were coal barons"—Washington Star.

DAZED ENGLAND WITH AN "AD."

The Original Progenitor of Liberal Advertising Still Living in New York.

Some of the nabobs of the present day advertising world who think they are "the only pebbles on the beach" ought to take a trip to Poughkeepsie and listen to the advertising narratives an old man there may relate to them. And the old man can substantiate his narratives with facts and proofs, and is not a mere yarn spinner like many of his degenerate successors. His name is De Linton Wing, and years ago he won for himself the little of "progenitor of liberal advertising" by his extensive advertising of a famous brand of flour of which he was the proprietor.

It is said that at one time he was worth $50,000,000, but lost his fortune partly by speculation in buying newspapers.

One of Mr. Wing's greatest advertising feats, according to the Albany Press-Knickerbocker, was the insertion in the London Times, much to the surprise of the slow-going Britons of a full-page advertisement of his famous brand of flour. It was claimed as a joke that Mr. Wing, who alone had the secret and the patent for the manufacture of the Julian mills flour, introduced in the ingredients a moistening of alcohol and hops that gave a pungency upon which many a family was mildly exhilarated every morning at breakfast, and he had as a part of his business accounts a letter from Lord Palmerston, prime minister of England, in which the latter expresses the thanks of Queen Victoria and her ministry for bags of his flour, because as the minister said, of its elevating effects at each meal.

In the advertisement in the London Times Mr. Wing had such striking lines as these: "Julian Mills see the Queen"; "Palmerston gets his Julian cakes early and saves England's honor by reason of the daring spirit they infuse into him." In the middle of the page was a wood cut—a most terrible innovation for the London Times—of Mr. Wing seated between the Queen and Lord Palmerston, who are both begging him to come to England and live at Windsor. To this Mr. Wing responds: "I am an American sovereign, greater than the British crown."

One of Mr. Wing's greatest enterprises was during the great celebration of 1858, over the Atlantic cable. Albany turned out in great procession at the head of which was a great wagon of D. L. Wing, made entirely of flour barrels. Sixteen flour barrels served as wheels and thousands of barrel staves formed an awning over the body of the wagon, on which fifty young ladies in baker's dress were conducting a mimic bakery of the Julian cakes. Thousands of Albanians were gratuitously served with bread that day from the Julian mills flour, and at the home of nearly every poor family in the ward in which Mr. Wing lived were left that night a barrel of flour and a photograph of Wing and Queen Victoria.

Says Dancing Is Silly.

"Of all pastimes I think dancing is the silliest, and I am never going to indulge in it again," said a young man who has been more or less of a favorite in Washington society.

"Why do you say that?" asked a friend, who was at a loss to account for this sudden change of heart.

"I went out to Chevy Chase lake the other night, but I did not go to take part in the dancing out there. I merely wanted a ride. A grouchy old bachelor was my companion, and, much against his will, we went over to see the devotees of Terpsichore at the pavilion. The music was good, and there were so many pretty girls that I almost felt like taking a whirl or two on the floor. I remarked to my misanthropic friend on the scene and the music. He sniffed contemptuously, as I expected.

"Put your hands up to your ears, so you can't hear the music, and then look at them," he said.

"I did so, and the transformation was complete. It was as if some old witch had waved her wand over the gliding couples and changed them into so many gyrating monkeys. The graceful swing of the two-step became a regular toad-hop. There was neither rhyme, reason or rhythm in their movements. It was an exhibition of appalling absurdity. I took my hands away from my ears so that I could hear the music, but the impression remained, and I felt disgusted. I used to be very fond of dancing and I almost hate my bachelor friend for destroying the illusion."—Washington Post.

Time for Action.

Freddie (whose pa is a strict disciplinarian)—Ma, can you have a man arrested if you think he's going to kill you?

Ma—Certainly, my son.

Freddie—Then I'm going to get out a warrant for pa.

Ma—You shock me, Freddie. What reason could you possibly have for any such action against your father?

Why, I heard him tell the lumberman this morning to bring him a cartload of shingles.—Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

In India only one male in ten and one female in 160 are able to read.

FOR THE HOUSEWIVES.

Comfortable Corner Seat.

In making a corner seat plan to have it at least twenty-three inches wide and not high from the ground. The most comfortable seat of the kind is made with a box mattress placed on casters, and then a good hair mattress placed above. The whole may be upholstered with hanging to match the room, while above and at the back of the seat a couple of long and narrow looking-glasses may be hung, placing a broad cushioned back between the seat and the mattress and the lower edge of the looking-glass.

When the Baby Has Convulsions.

There is little to be done when a child has convulsions except to put it, as quickly as possible, into a warm bath. Moisten a tablespoonful of dry mustard, rub it smooth, and add it to the water in the bath after the child is in it; do not wait to do it before. The doctor will order one or two teaspoonfuls of syrup of ipecac, until vomiting is produced, if the convulsion has been caused by undigested food. If from nervous irritation, as in teething, five or ten grains of bromide of soda dissolved in water may be given.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Moths Routed By Perfume.

It has become known to the wise ones that the destructive moth despises the pleasant fragrance of perfumes. For this reason the pungent and disagreeable remedy is not always necessary to rid wardrobes and closets of the ruinous insect.

The mixture which is said to work this magical result is prepared as follows:

Take one ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, caraway seed, mace and tonka beans, pound to powder and mix them with six ounces of orris root, which must also be in powder. These ingredients may be obtained ready crushed at a druggist's. The best bag in which they can be inclosed is one of not overfine muslin, of the miller's sack design, with the opening tied around with ribbon.

Extracting Flower-Oil.

The oil of flowers contains the odor in a concentrated form, and the important step is to extract this without much loss. The flowers when first gathered should be thoroughly macerated. After this they are either immersed in melted grease or laid between layers of fat. Thoroughly purified lard or tallow or the fat of deer must be selected for this work. New flowers should be substituted for the old ones in the grease or between the layers of fat every 15 or 24 hours. Some flowers require more time than others to part with their odor. The fat absorbs the odor and retains it for a time. Then this fat must be digested in pure alcohol. Cut the pieces of fat up and put them in a vessel of alcohol, and after they have digested a day or two the perfume is ready for use. Remove the pieces of fat, and the odor will all be found in the alcohol, which must be bottled up at once. Pomades and perfumed oils are made by using olive-oil instead of fat or grease.

Recipes.

Sauted Tomatoes—Select tomatoes of even size; cut into slices one-third of an inch thick; sprinkle over with pepper and salt; dust with flour; saute in a little butter in the frying pan, having the butter hot before putting in the tomatoes. When brown on one side turn and brown on the other.

Brothed Rice—Boil one-half cup of rice until tender in three cupfuls of milk or water; take one cupful of strong chicken broth and stir into the rice. The mashed liver of the chicken is an improvement. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt and dash of cayenne pepper. Chop two hard-boiled eggs (hot) and stir in; add a tablespoonful of chopped celery greens or parsley and serve. This is a very nutritious and also a delicious dish for either children or their elders.

Potato Omelet—Cut cold boiled potatoes into cubes. Mix them with enough white sauce to moisten them. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, when the butter is hot put in the potatoes. Flatten them so that they will be smooth on the under crust. Cook slowly until golden on the under side. Fold in half as for any omelet, and turn out on a hot platter. Mashed potatoes may be used in the same manner or they may be put in a buttered dish, covered with buttered crumbs and sprinkled cheese and browned in the oven.

Pickled String Beans—When the beans are cooked, drain them thoroughly. For two quarts of beans, allow two cupfuls of vinegar, one of water and two of brown sugar. If this does not make them rich enough to suit, add another cupful of sugar. Heat the sugar, vinegar, and water to the boiling point. A little bag of spices may be added, if desired, or some sticks of cinnamon and a few cloves give a delightful flavor. When the vinegar is boiling hot, add the cooked beans, and heat through till boiling hot again. They will be ready for immediate use, or may be put up in glass cans, while hot, and kept indefinitely.

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STORY OF "OCEAN MARY."

BABY MASCOT OF THE SEA WON THE HEART OF A PIRATE.

Touch of Nature That Saved a Ship and Crew—Child Grew to Womanhood and Her Wedding Gown Was Made From the Pirate's Silk Brocade.

In the village burying-ground at Henniker, N. H., may be seen standing among a dozen slabs of like design a small slate stone, whose inscription, in common with the others, in no manner suggests that the story of the one in whose memory it was set was different from the ordinary affairs of the hillside pioneer.

It is the grave of Ocean Mary. It was years and years ago that the baby mascot of the sea won a pirate's heart.

Previous to 1720, the year in which the principal events of this narrative occurred, many families of Scotch peasantry crossed the north channel and found for a time homes in the larger towns on or near the coast of Ireland. Thus Londonderry became the residence of a large number of Scotch yeomanry.

In those old times of slow ships and many perils of the sea, it was a far cry from Londonderry in Ireland to Londonderry in the granite state; still Scotland and the Emerald Isle had already sent sturdy pioneers to the new world on the Merrimac.

Tradition, often the truer part of history, has failed to save from oblivion the name of the ship which sailed from Londonderry for Boston in July, 1720, but she is said to have been in many respects vastly superior to others of her class in those times. At any rate, long before she dropped anchor off the picturesque coast, many well-to-do families had prepared for the long voyage. Of those who from the deck of the departing ship watched the green shores of Ireland fade from view a large proportion were not only strong of limb, but thrifty and provident.

Out through Lough Foyle, past Innishowen head and far beyond Giant's Causeway, with favoring winds, sailed the fated ship.

Among the passengers were James Wilson and his young wife. A year before Wilson married Elizabeth Falton, and they were now on their way to Londonderry, N. H., where land had been laid out to James Wilson as one of the grantees of that town.

In the small valley settlement to which Wilson and his wife were traveling were friends under whose hands profitable harvests were sure, and a generation was springing up whose influence was to be felt long years after.

Concerning the earlier part of the voyage of the emigrant ship tradition is nearly silent although certain fragmentary accounts hint of a protracted calm and following storm of such violence that the vessel was driven from her course. However that may be, it is reasonably certain that the passage was about one-third accomplished when events transpired that made the voyage memorable in the lives of all on board.

One sultry evening the lookout saw on the horizon a sail standing like a gray silhouette against the early-rising moon. All through the hot summer night the strange craft wore nearer and nearer, and when morning came her low hull could be seen like a black shadow under her full set of canvas.

The pirate was within gunshot of the emigrant ship. To fight or run away was not to be thought of. The slow ship had not a dozen muskets. They simply waited. They had not long to wait, for boats were soon alongside, and swarming upon the deck, the robbers fell to work as men who knew how to plunder and kill. Crew and passengers were bound and some were left lying where they were captured, and some rolled into corners, just as suited a momentary freak of the invaders.

None were killed. Valuables were gathered into parcels convenient to be transferred to the pirate ship. The robber captain going below to search the officers' quarters, threw open the after cabin door with a rough hand, but seeing a woman lying in the berth, stopped.

"Why are you there?" demanded the ruffian.

"See." The terrified woman uncovered a baby's face.

"A girl."

"You have named her."

"No."

The pirate went to the cabin door and commanded that no man stir until further orders. Then, returning, he went close to the berth where the woman lay, and said gently, "If I may name that baby, that little girl, I will unbind your men and leave your ship unharmed. May I name the girl?"

"Yes."

Then the rough old robber came nearer still and took up the tiny, unresisting hand of the baby. "Mary" was the name the woman heard him speak. There were other words, but spoken so low she could not hear. Only his Maker and his own heart knew, but when the child drew its hand away the mother saw a tear on the pink fingers.

There have been other knights than Bayard. Here was one.

As good as his word, the pirate captain ordered all captives unbound and goods and valuables restored to the places from which they had been taken; then with his crew he left the ship and pulled to his own vessel. But the emigrant ship had scarcely got under way when a new alarm came to them. The pirate was returning.

If they were dismayed at his reappearance they were surprised to see him come on board alone and go directly below to the cabin. There he took from a parcel a piece of brocaded silk of marvellous fineness of texture and beauty of design. Seen at a little distance the effect of the pattern is as of a plaid combining in wonderfully harmonized tones, nameless hues of red and green, softened with lines of what evidently was once white.

Time has, perhaps, somewhat mellowed its color tone, but the richness of its quality is as the richness of pearls.

"Let Mary wear this on her wedding day," the pirate said, as he laid the silk on the berth.

The pirate left the ship and was seen no more. In the fulness of time the emigrant ship reaceed Boston without further incident. There James Wilson died soon after landing. Elizabeth Wilson, with Mary, soon after went to live in Londonderry, where friends were waiting for them. Here the widow married James Clark, great-great-grandparent of Horace Greeley.

For years the people of the little hamlet religiously kept July 28 in thanksgiving for the deliverance of their friends from the hands of pirates.

Some time early in the year 1732 Thomas Wallace emigrated to America and settled in Londonderry, where, on Dec. 18 of the same year, he was married to Ocean Mary by the Rev. Mr. Davidson of that town. Her wedding gown was the pirate silk.

A granddaugher and a great-granddaughter have also worn the same dress on like occasions.

Four sons were born to Mary Wallace, three of whom removed to Henniker. There, on a sightly hill, Robert built the house which in his day was far and away the grandest mansion in all the country around. He was a man of large hospitality and intelligent strength of character.

Here Ocean Mary lived many years, and died in 1814 at the age of 94. Her grave is in the Centre burying-ground, about half way down the middle walk, a bowshot distant from the railroad station. The curious visitor may if he choose read the inscription on the slate:

"In memory of Widow Mary Wallace, who died Feb. 13, A. D. 1814, in the ninety-fourth year of her age."

The likeness tradition has left of Ocean Mary is that of a woman symmetrically tall, with light hair, blue eyes and florid complexion, together with a touch of the aristocracy of nature and a fine repose of manner in her energetic, determined and kindly ways.

The house is four miles from Henniker village and about the same distance from Hillsboro. The visitor, if he have an eye for the picturesque, though he regret the decay that has overtaken the old manse, can but be charmed by the beauty of the landscape in the midst of which it is set. —Boston Journal.

Rushing the Rapids in the Klondike.

Arthur Ham, formerly of this city, writes from Lake La Burge, N. W. T., of the experience of his party in the White Horse rapids:

"You will see by the heading that we have passed the White Horse rapids. Just before we reached the narrow part of the rapids, the final jump off, we ran on a rock in the rapids and stuck fast. We lay there from 8 o'clock at night until 5 the next morning. We had supper and breakfast in the White Horse and slept there. We had to run a line ashore and put up an aerial tramway, like a live-saving device, and run part of our cargo ashore on a big line carrying a pulley. Two of our men went ashore on the line and pulled the stuff ashore with a horse. Then, with block, tackle and horse, we pulled the scow off the rock and rushed through the rapids in less than a minute without further accident. We expected to take the scow and cargo across this lake with horses and sleds, but we nearly lost two or three horses and their loads through the ice and then gave up the attempt. One horse went in up to her ears and would have gone out of sight if she had not been held up until we could hitch on another horse and pull her out."—Buffalo Commercial.

Their Discontent.

"Hoot!" cried the owl ever and anon.

The fowls of the air and beasts of the field stirred uneasily in their sleep and muttered maledictions.

"Why are they so angry?" asked the owlet at last.

"They are envious, my child," replied the owl, "of my Scotch dialect. Hoot! Hoot!"—Detroit Journal.

A Kentucky woman has secured a judgment of $700 against a man who kissed her when she didn't want him to.

A SEASON'S PRIZE SNAKE STORY.

The Hero Has Invented a Novel Way of Destroying the Reptiles.

John Ludwig of Minnequa Springs, Iowa, has invented an entirely new way of destroying snakes. The whole country is overrun this season with black snakes and rattlesnakes. The farmers say that they have eaten up all the frogs and toads in the state. There being nothing to eat the beetles and insects when the frogs and toads are no more, the crops suffer horribly. But Ludwig's invention will save the lives of the insect eaters by slaying the snakes, and all may yet be well. Mr. Ludwig is engaged in the occupation of blasting rock. He never goes around without a few pounds of dynamite or nitroglycerine in his pocket, so thoroughly familiar is he with high explosives. The other day he came across a large black snake coiled around his dinner pail, which he had tried in vain to swallow. Ludwig attacked the reptile with a club, and gave it a terrific blow on the back. Suddenly there was a frightful explosion that blew the snake and the dinner pail to pieces, and very nearly made mincemeat of Ludwig. As it was, it knocked him several feet, and wedged his head between the two forks of a tree, and from this he had great trouble in extricating himself. When the dynamiter finally got free he made an elaborate investigation. He discovered that the snake had swallowed a half-pound dynamite cartridge. This fact was the basis of his anti-snake discovery. After the inspiration came to him his next move was to discover if snakes really liked dynamite. He was not long in finding out that they do. It has a sweet flavor, and is put up in a shape very convenient for a snake to swallow. It is not of too large caliber, it is very smooth, and can easily be eaten. Since that time, according to the stories told by Ludwig, he has destroyed hundreds of snakes by his ingenious process. He makes little rolls of dynamite weighing an ounce or two apiece, and leaves them around as bait. They are readily swallowed by the snakes. Having got thus far with his invention Ludwig had to think up some method to have the dynamite explode. Finally he hit upon it. He bored holes into the small cartridges and filled them with red pepper, carefully covering up the holes with a soluble material so that the snakes would not taste the pepper while swallowing the cartridges and reject the dose. After the plugged cartridge has reposed for some minutes in the interior of the snake the red pepper becomes free and begins to get in its work upon the snake's internal economy. Rattlesnakes are peculiarly susceptible to red pepper. The agony is terrific. The doomed creature writhes in pain, beating himself against stones. This gives the required concussion and the fatal explosion follows. The story is based entirely upon information furnished by Inventor Ludwig. He says that on a still night he puts his head out of his bedroom window and listens to the snake explosions up the valley. It is only fair to state in the interest of science that no one has been seen or found who will vouch for the story told by Ludwig. It is certain, however, that there has been a great decrease in the rattlesnake population, and the farmers are talking of getting up some sort of a demonstration to show their appreciation of Ludwig's brightness.

Ham Smelling as a Business.

The ham-smeller's only tools are a long steel trier and his nose. He stands in a barrel to keep his clothes from being soiled by the dripping brine, and the hams are brought to him and he plunges his sharp-pointed trier into them, withdraws it and passes it swiftly beneath his nose. The trier always goes down to the knuckle joint, says the Kansas City Star.

In testing meat in that manner the man with the trier judges by the slightest shade of difference between the smell of one piece of meat and another. The smell of the meat is almost universally sweet, and that is what he smells; the slightest taint or deviation from the sweet smell is therefore appreciable. It is not the degree of taint that he expects to find, but the slightest odor that is not sweet.

When he detects an odor he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as "rejected" meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham-tester smells meat from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and his sense must never become jaded or inexact, or his usefulness would be at an end.

Ham-testing is not a pursuit dangerous to the health, as tea-testing is supposed to be, but the ham-smeller with a cold in his head is like a piano player who loses his arm in a railroad wreck.

British Ambassadors.

There are only seven ambassadors representing England abroad. The seven great powers entitled to receive them are France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Russia, the United States and Turkey. Their salaries range from $35,000 to $50,000, the British ambassador at Paris receiving the highest sum and holding the most coveted post in the diplomatic service abroad.

AUTOCRATIC JUDGES.

No man probably can be placed in a more perplexing position than a judge who has to deal with ignorant and dull-witted jurors. A jury of this kind of men in a western court brought in a verdict of "Not guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the court."

The late Justice Hawkins, a learned but eccentric English judge, when the verdict did not suit him, sometimes took the decision into his own hands. After a long trial of a civil case, in which the possession of some property was contested, the jury, against the law and the evidence, unanimously found for the plaintiff. Justice Hawkins listened to the verdict in amazement, and then, with a shrug, said: "It takes thirteen men to rob a man of his house. The suit is decided in favor of the defendant."

A certain Justice Leet in Pennsylvania, in the early part of this century, was equally autocratic in his decisions. The country was newly settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, a class of just and religious, but irascible men. When they brought into his court divorce or civil cases which had grown out of quarrels with their wives or neighbors, they were not infrequently met with refusal to listen to their complaints. "I will hear no statement concerning this case from any lawyer. Do you two quarrelsome fools go home, shut yourselves up together, and pray to Almighty God to help you to see the truth. Then talk the matter over quietly alone. If you then can't come to an agreement, you may go to law about it." Tradition states that but a small per cent of these applicants ever came again before him.

Hawaiian Lepers.

Ten per cent of the Hawaiian natives are lepers.

CLEMENT LINGG,

SURVEYOR.

New Oxford, Adams county, Pa

CHARGES MODERATE.

Professional Cards.

DR. H. ROSS BLACK,

DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Range, No. 8 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

DR. WM. HOLLINGER,

DENTIST, Office and Residence, ABBOTTSTOWN, PA.

Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances.

S. S. NEELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank.

WM. McSHERRY, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spengler building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveyancing, liens and collections.

McPHERSON & McPHERSON,

John B. McPherson. Donald P. McPherson.

Attorneys-at-Law, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

G. J. BENNER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Gettysburg, Pa. Offices on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Brenneman's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford.

Frank Fleshman. : : Proprietor.

House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

HOTEL YANTIS,

One Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa.

G. BROOK YANTIS, Prop'r.

New House, New Furniture, Old Landlord. Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

MARSHALL HOUSE, York, Pa.

Adjoining the Court House.

John S. Baughman, Proprietor.

The bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Free 'Bus to and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

Z. H. CASHMAN.

At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, etc., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,

Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.

☞Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday Afternoon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GEO. F. RABINE,

Practical Barber and Hairdresser,

Eagle Hotel Building, Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Having opened a first-class Barber Shop in the above named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

GIVE ME A CALL.

AUCTIONEERING.

GEO. L. COLESTOCK

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, NEW CHESTER, Adams county, Pa.

. . . ESTABLISHED, 1871 . . .

Rinehart, Childs & Briggs,

Howard and Franklin Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Flour and Produce Commission House.

Solicit consignments of Pork, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c. Guarantee full market prices and immediate returns with the cash. Refer to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford, Pa.

When in Hanover and in need of a Hotel, drop in the

HOTEL ABELL.

American and European Plan. Restaurant Attached.

T. L. ABELL, Propr.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

N. LINGG & BRO.,

(Successors to A. Sheely.)

PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD.

The undersigned having purchased the warehouse of A. Sheely on Pitt street, New Oxford, Pa., they will continue to buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as

Wheat, Rye, Oats, Corn, Clover Timothy, and all kinds of Grass Seeds, Flax Seed, Hay, Straw, Potatoes, &c. Will also have for sale

The Best Brands of Flour,

Coarse and Fine Salt, and everything usually kept in a place of this kind.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give us a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.

The business will be in charge of H. G. Wehler, who will always be found to be courteous and obliging.

N. LINGG & BRO.

TO BUILDERS!

CLOSING OUT SALE OF

LUMBER!

Having disposed of my warehouse hay shed, I will continue the

Lumber and Coal

Business at the old stand, and desiring to CLOSE OUT this business I wish to inform the public that my stock of LUMBER is COMPLETE, consisting of White and Yellow Pine of all kinds, Cypress, Poplar and Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling of all kinds, White Pine, Hemlock and Cypress Shingles, Roofing Slate, Sash, Doors and Blinds, which I will sell at bottom prices, and as lumber has advanced, it will be to your interest to call and get prices before buying elsewhere. Also a big lot of locust posts, hewed and in the rough.

A. SHEELY,

Pitt St., New Oxford, Pa.

GO TO THE NEW OXFORD

Monumental : : Works

FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower prices than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH, Proprietor.

FINE HORSES

on hand at all times

For Sale or Exchange

—AT—

C. J. SMITH'S

Sale and Exchange Stables,

HANOVER.

I would respectfully call the attention of the general public to the fact that I have just received a nice lot of

DRIVING and WORK HORSES.

some of them good leaders.

C. J. SMITH,

Chestnut St., opp. Brodbeck's Warehouse, HANOVER, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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THE ITEM,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 3, 1899.

A Vote for Mr. James B. Taylor, the farmer and blacksmith, of Menallen townsip, for County Commissioner is a vote in the right direction. He is a thorough economical business man and an affable gentleman.

Mr. Merville E. Zinn, of Gettysburg, Republican candidate for County Treasurer, is a typical man. He is faithful in every calling, studious, persevering, patient, and will make an efficient and painstaking public officer. He is courteous to all, of a pleasant personality, and creates bonds of true friendship with all deserving of such close intimacy. Mr. Zinn is worthy of the honor conferred upon him by his party, and if elected will honor the office and the party.

Mr. G. Y. Hemler, Democratic candidate for County Commissioner, is one of the most successful farmers of the county, and is backed by the reputation of being practical and conservative in his views, endowed with good common sense and sound judgment, thoroughly honest and manly in his dealings, and an active, ardent democrat all his life, he forms an ideal candidate for the office to which he has been nominated, and, if the interests of tax-payers and the welfare of the county control the franchise of the people, he will be elected by a handsome majority.

USED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS IN AFRICA.—Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale at Wehler's drug store, New Oxford.

The Election and H. G. Wehler.

On Tuesday next, election day, is the one day and occasion when every legal male citizen 21 years of age and over, enjoys the right and privileges regardless of financial or social position; when the power of the poor and humble is as strong as that of the rich and great; when all classes are brought to an equality and when it becomes the faithful duty of every good citizen to utalize this power by casting a vote for his choice for the respective offices to be filled.

For the offices to be filled in the county, only the very best men should be chosen, regardless of politics, therefore we unhesitatingly assert that for the office of Register and Recorder there ought not to be any perplexity in the mind of any voter who to choose.

Mr. H. G. Wehler, the Democratic aspirant for this office, is beyond a doubt, a man so eminently fitted as to merit the unanimous support of both political parties. His sterling integrity and unreproachful character are most enviable qualifications which few posess, and therefore, we urge our readers throughout the county to his support. In this borough Mr. Wehler should receive the solid and undivided vote of all parties. Three years ago when he was but slightly known in our town, he received the flattering vote of 122 when the democratic vote was only 82, leaving his opponent only 40 out of a republican vote of 80. Having since then been a permanent resident here, and still further gained the respect and confidence of our people, we predict for him an almost, if not entirely, unanimous vote in our borough which he most justly deserves.

Mr. Wehler is a sure winner at the polls on Tuesday next, he will sweep the whole lower end where he is best known, with unprecedented majorities. He was the peoples choice at the convention without any solicitation on his part and he will be the peoples choice at the polls, but because of this let no voter abstain from casting his vote. We earnestly appeal to every voter to go to the polls and vote for H. G. Wehler.

Big Barn Burned.

One of the finest barns in Hopewell Township, York county, was burned Monday morning at an early hour. The barn was the property of Combich Marsteler, who lives near Zion Church. Mr. Marsteler did not discover the fire until the crash of falling timber aroused him. With the building 600 bushels of wheat, a new threshing machine and numerous other farm implements, three horses, one mule, two bulls and two calves were burned. Eight head of young mules that were running in the barnyard were severely scorched. The loss will foot up $3,000; insurance $1,400.

Pure Whiskey HARPER Perfect Whiskey HARPER Every bottle gurranteed HARPER Sold by

P. L. FLESHMAN,
New Oxford, Pa.

J. McCLAIN GILBERT,

Republican Candidate for Director of the Poor.

J. McClain Gilbert, Republican candidate for Director of the Poor, was born near Gettysburg, Feb. 14, 1846, a son of Johnathan and Sarah Arcalsh Gilbert. His father a native of this country his mother an English woman by birth, were among the early settlers of this county. He was educated in the public schools. After a short apprenticeship at blacksmithing he was among the early defenders of the Union during the Rebellion. After active service in the U. S. Cavalry during the war, at its close, he returned to this county to engage in the produce business. For the past fifteen years he was a retail hardware merchant of New Oxford, in the partnership of Gilbert & Himes, but is now senior member of the firm of Gilbert & Son, one of the most successful firms of our town Mr. Gilbert has held prominent positions in the borough, having served as councilman and school director for several years.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM CURES OTHERS, WHY NOT YOU?—My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale at Wehler's drug store, New Oxford.

S. S. MEHRING.

Nominated by the Republicans for the office of Associate Judge.

A Popular Gentleman. Allied with most of the Business Interests of the Lower End.

Mr. S. S. Mehring, the Lower End Republican nominee for the office of Associate Judge, was born of excellent parents, in Carroll county, Md., in the year 1849, where he remained until he was 12 years of age.

In 1860 his parents moved to Union township, this county, in which township the subject of our sketch was educated in the public schools.

Mr. Mehring has been one of the most successful farmers. He has erected for himself a handsome residence in the township, at the edge of Littlestown, and thus is enabled to superintend his farms, while at the same time, acting as President of the Littlestown Savings Institution, and as a Director of the Littlestown and Hanover Turnpike Co.

The esteem in which he is held in his home town, is a safe guarantee of his fitness and ability for the office of Associate Judge.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

CHARLES K. YEAGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Deeds, bonds, mortgages wills, and all kinds of legal papers promptly and correctly written

Consumption

is robbed of its terrors by the fact that the best medical authorities state that it is a curable disease; and one of the happy things about it is, that its victims rarely ever lose hope.

You know there are all sorts of secret nostrums advertised to cure consumption. Some make absurd claims. We only say that if taken in time and the laws of health are properly observed,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will heal the inflammation of the throat and lungs and nourish and strengthen the body so that it can throw off the disease.

We have thousands of testimonials where people claim they have been permanently cured of this malady.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Extension of the Emmitsburg Railroad.

William A. Himes, William G. Blair, Vincent Sebold, president, treasurer and counsel, respectively, of the Emmitsburg Railroad Co., accompanied by James W. Legore, William Smith and others from Woodsboro and several others interested in railroading, drove over the country Monday from Rocky Ridge to Woodsboro inspecting the country and selecting a route for the proposed extension of the Emmitsburg road to connect with the Pennsylvania system at Woodsboro. The projectors were highly pleased with the proposed route, which is abont 4½ miles long, and state that they will at once order a survey to be made. The Emmitsburg road at present connects with the Western Maryland at Rocky Ridge and people from the northern section of the county suffer great inconvenience, as they are compelled to change at Rocky Ridge and then, after riding a few miles, again change at Bruceville to go to Frederick. The passenger, express and freight rates are high, as cash road must receive its proportion. By connecting with the Pennsylvania system at Woodsboro they can save a great deal of time and travel at about one-half the fare.

A Remarkable Case.

The chisel imbedded in the face of Charles C. Baker at Waynesboro, 11 weeks ago, was successfully removed Wednesday at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore. The operation was a delicate one and fears were entertained that the patient would not stand the shock.

Mr. Baker met with the singular accident while operating a machine in which were two steel chisels. The chisels were revolving at 1,200 revolutions a minute and Mr. Baker was leaning over the machine. The chisels flew from their sockets with tremendous force. One chisel, 5½ inches long, 1 inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick, struck Mr. Barker on the nose. The keen edge came foremost and cut its way through flesh bone and muscle until the sharp end almost reached the vertebræ. So straight had the instrument come that its entire length passed through the original opening in the skin, leaving no sign on the surface beyond a clean cut. The chisel could not be found after the accident, but no one supposed that it was imbedded in Mr. Barker's face until it was discovered by means of X-rays.

The accident is regarded as one of the most remarkable in the annals of surgery.

Mr. Baker, after receiving medical attention was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital. He was treated and all of his wounds healed. Later he complained of a stiffness of the mscles of the throat, and a partial paralysis of the nerves of the face and throat followed. It was concluded that some foreign substance had found a lodgment in his throat and efforts were made to determine what was the trouble.

The patient was taken to the State Normal School and placed under the X-ray apparatus. Prof. Hammel, who has charge of the machine, discovered that the chisel was in Mr. Baker's face and made a radiograph, plainly disclosing its location.

The operation was performed by Dr. Louis McLane Tiffany. It was necessary to open the face from the eyebrows down the nose to the upper lip. Strong forceps were used in withdrawing the chisel. It was feared that the chisel had been so firmly imbedded that difficulty would be experienced in removing the tool. This fear was not realized.

Explanation.

Owin to our being unusually busy in the store for the past two weeks we were unable to give the proper attention to taking orders at your homes.

We have just received a full line of **NEW GOODS** throughout the store, and cordially invite you to call and examine our stock. We offer the best goods at the lowest prices.

Your orders will be highly appreciated. Respt.

M. S. Hiteshew, ON THE SQUARE

G. B. NACE & SON,

CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
Ladies' and Children's
COATS.

Cheap!::Cheap!!::Cheap!!!

Come and Examine.

G. B. Nace & Son,

NEXT DOOR TO SAVING FUND SOCIETY. **Hanover, Pa.**

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Your Druggist will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. All Druggists. 4 mo.

ONE FRIEND TELLS ANOTHER

And so the good news spreads. Merit always comes to the top no matter what is over it. It didn't take these clothes of ours long to get acquainted. Our people are quick to recognize style, quality and low prices, and they have gone like wildfire. There are some left, of course—enough for you and your friend. We'll expect you in to-morrow. Best values, best style, best prices is our standard, and we stick to it.

Our Fall line is almost complete. We have some very nobby styles in

SUITS at $4.75,

nearly all wool; a fine Cheviot,

Blue or Black at $5.00.

BLACK WORSTEDS at $5.00, $7.50, $10.00 and $15.00.

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SUITS from $1.00 to $3.75.

Lieberman's

Popular Price Clothing House.

Cor. York St and Sq., GETTYSBURG.

DRUNKENNESS

can be cured. 80,000 used our cure in 1898. Can be given in Tea, Coffee or any food. Trial treatment FREE for the asking. Safe sure reliable particulars in plain wrapper for 2 cent stamp. LA RUE CHEMICAL CO, Room 109, 1017 Arch Street, Phila., Pa. 10-27

WM. HERSH,
Attorney-at-Law,
—GETTYSBURG, PA.—
All legal business will receive prompt attention. Settling os estates a specialty
Office on Baltimore street opposite Court House, Sep. 16.

Subscribe for and advertise in the ITEM.

CHARTER NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to his Excellency, William A. Stone, Governor of Pennsylvania, on Monday, the eighth day of January, 1900, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act for the Incorporation and Regulation of Banks of Discount and Deposit," approved the 13th day of May, 1876, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Farmers and Merchants Bank, to be located in the Borough of New Oxford, in the County of Adams and State of Pennsylvania. The capital stock of said corporation shall be Fifty Thousand ($50,000) Dollars, in shares of Fifty ($50) Dollar each. The specific object for which said corporation is intended to be created is for the purpose of carrying on the business of banking, and the regulation of discounts and deposits by said Corporation and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its suppliments.

Oct. 2, 1899. W. C. SHEELY, Solicitor.

VALUABLE PROPERTY

For Sale.

My property situate on Carlisle St., New Oxford, Pa., consisting of a large well-built 2-story Brick House, large 2-story Brick Shop, Well of Water and Cistern at the house, is for sale. The lot has 130 feet frontage on Carlisle street and extends 180 feet to an open alley.

This property will be sold for $1700,—much less than actual value. Terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars call on or address DR. L. A. ROTH.

Oct. 6 tf. Nashville, York Co., Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF CHRISTINA DIEHL, dec'd.—Letters Testamentary on the estate of CHRISTINA DIEHL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, residing in same Borough, he hereby gives notice to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

Sept. 29 6t. JACOB HELTZEL, Executor.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

ELIAS FISSEL, - Prop.,

(Formerly of Globe Hotel,)

Baltimore St., GETTYSBURG, PA.,

Two doors from Court House.

Modern Improvements—Steam Heat, Electric Light, Call Bells—all through the House.

Closets and Bath Rooms on Every Floor.

Sefton & Flemming's Livery, is connected with this Hotel. Good Teams and Competent Guides for the Battlefield. Charges Moderate. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

....FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT....
....INSURANCE.....

Insurance in Cash and Mutual Cos.

THE Travelers Life Ins. Co. give the Best forms of insurance. Every policy is a guaranteed contract. They use no estimates their figures are a positive guaranteed statement.

The Travelers' Rates are Lower than any other Co. of equal standing,

The Trvelers' issue the most Liberal Accident Policy at rates to suit all classes,

Before insuring see the Travelers' rates and contracts. For further information apply to

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 3, 1899.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Michael Ebersole of Reading township, had 26 turkeys stolen one day last week.

A project is being boomed for a trolley road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg.

It will be very appreciable if those who are indebted to us would pay us a financial visit.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners last Tuesday the county tax rate was fixed at 3 mills, the same as last year.

F. L. Fleshman, the genial landlord of the Eagle Hotel, will give a free bean soup to his many friends this Thursday evening.

Henry H. Tallmadge, of Gettysburg, has been granted a pension of $12; William J. Backwater, of York Springs, an increase, $16 to $17.

J. L. Butt, Esq., of Gettysburg, has purchased the Hankey farm, containing 254 acres, along the Mummasburg road, in Cumberland township, for $4300.

J. B. Baseboar, of near Sell's Station, is the owner of 24 wild geese, some of which he has had for 15 years. A number of them frequently fly a mile high, but return promptly.

Littlestown has 72 residents of 70 years of age or over, 16 of whom have passed the 80-year mark and seven who are 85 years and over. The oldest, Mrs. Mary Baumgardner, is 92 years old.

David G. Minter bought the Alfred A. Wierman mill property, near Arendtsville, with 78 acres of land for $3,500. He will remodel the mill with the latest improved machinery and patent rollers.

A five-year-old child of John Noel, of Baltimore, which died of diphtheria, was brought to Hanover Wednesday at noon, and taken to Conewago Chapel for burial.

In this issue we print the biographical sketch of Mr. S. S. Mehring, Candidate for Associate Judge, and reckoning from reports from all over the county Mr. Mehring will be one of our next Associates by a handsome majority.

The case of mill-owners on Lower Marsh Creek against the Gettysburg Water Co., which was to have been heard before the U. S. Circuit Court, at Philadelphia, last week has been postponed to next April term at the instance of the plaintiffs.

John J. Schmidt, as executor of the estate of his father, the late Ambrose Schmidt, of Hanover, Wednesday sold the farm of said decedent in Mountpleasant township, containing 200 acres, to Solomon Mehring on private terms.

Last Saturday Chas. Wolf, of near Littlestown, while riding his wheel down S. Queen street, in that place, ran into Stanley Stover, a little child who was playing in the road. He was knocked from his wheel and sustained a fracture of the left arm. The little one was unhurt.

A member of St. Aloysius church, who does not desire that the donner's name be published, has made a most liberal donation towards defraying the expenses to beautifully frescoe the St. Aloysius church. When it will be finished by the Philadelphia firm of frescoers the church will take rank with the beautiful churches of the State. The sum so handsomely donated amounted to $1,650.—Jeffersonian.

The property of Mrs. Christina Diehl, dec'd, on Peters street, announced last week to have been purchased by Mr. Wm. Overbaugh, of Hanover, was purchased for the Congregation of the Immaculate Conception Church. The house is to be occupied by the Francis can Sisters, who will be the teachers in the Parochial School after this school year.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad cold it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale at Wehler's drug store, New Oxford.

Tuesday next is election day. Go to the poles and vote your sentiments. The man who has the rights of suffrage and fails to exercise it, unless he is unable to do so on account of unavoidable absence or sickness, is not a good citizen; he it is as a general thing, one who does the hardest kicking and the loudest shrieking after election if an incompetent man is chosen.

Notwithstanding the very inclement weather on Tuesday evening, Hallow'een, the pranks of the young folks, and some older ones, were of a more daring and dangerous character in this place than for many years. Wagons, buggies, &c., were pulled into Center Square and other places, and overturned promiscuously, crossing plates, porches, etc., torn up and carried away. Fun is fun but some parties went too far on this occasion and may yet be made pay for their doings.

A COMMON DANGER.—If you ever had a cold which you permitted to "wear away" it may interest you know it was a dangerous proceeding. Every cold and cough which is neglected paves the way for consumption, bronchitis, asthma or catarrh. Otto's Cure, the famous German throat and lung remedy, will cure any cough or cold and save you from consumption. Sold by M. S. Hiteshew. Prices 25c. and 50c. per bottle.

How to Keep Apples.

An exchange tells us that the proper method to keep apples in winter is to wrap them in old newspapers so as to exclude the air. The newspaper, however, must be one on which the subscription has been paid, otherwise dampness resulting from what is "dew" may cause the fruit to spoil.

Committee Meetings.

The Democratic County Committemen of this place and surrounding townships met at the Eagle Hotel on Thursday morning.

The Republican County Committemen of the Borough and surrounding townships, also from Gettysburg, met at the same place on Tuesday evening.

A Prosperous Bank.

The Directors of the Hanover Saving Fund Society Saturday morning declared the usual semi-annual dividend of six per cent. on the capital stock, payable on and after Monday, Nov. 6th.

They also added to the surplus from the earnings the handsome sum of $15,000,—making the surplus fund amount to $125,000, or two and a half times the capital of this old reliable institution. $10,000 had been added to the surplus last spring, an increase of $25,000 for this year.

Forty Hours Devotion.

Forty Hours Devotion will begin Sunday morning in the Immaculate Conception Church, this place, Rev. S. C. Burger pastor, with High Mass of Exposition at 7 a. m., followed by Low Mass at 10:30 a. m. Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, Solemn Vespers, Sermon by Rev. Eugene Haftermeyer, of Waynesboro, and Benediction. Monday evening at 7 o'clock, Sermon by Rev. John McCloskey, assistant priest at the Cathedral at Harrisburg. Tuesday evening, closing exercises and sermon by Rev. T. J. Crotty, of Gettysburg.

Masses on Monday and Tuesday mornings at 6:30 and 9 o'clock.

The members of the Beneficial Society will go to Holy Communion in a body on Sunday morning.

York Springs Railway Hearing.

The taking of testimony in the York Springs railroad case continued last week until Wednesday night at ten o'clock. This being a suit in the Equity branch of the Court the hearing was before the Court alone without the aid of a jury.

A large number of witnesses were examined, and considerable documentary evidence submitted. On the completion of the testimony Court adjourned, with the understanding that after the testimony had been written out a day would be fixed for argument of the case before the Court.

One for Each Day.

There are some expert bass fishermen in this locality, but we believe the palm belongs to our friend, Gill Emmert, of York Springs, Adams county, for catching the greatest number of black bass during the present season. Mr. Emmert is an expert angler with the fly, but any way you take him he is a success with the rod and line. From the opening of the season up until now, last Saturday, Mr. Emmert has a record of three hundred and sixty-five bass, or one for each day of the year, and Gill says before the season ends he will add to this number, and we are satisfied that he will make his word good. This is a record hard to beat.—Mechanicsburg Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Howard Casset, of Reading, is spending some time with friends in this place and vicinity.

Mrs. John Hershey, of Reading, Pa., is visiting her son, Emory Hershey and family, of Pitt street.

Miss E. Catherine Klingel, of Hanover street, spent Sunday with friends at Littlestown.

Mr. F. L. Weaver, of Hanover street, spent a few days with friends in Baltimore, the past week.

A. E. Buckminster, of Hanover, spent Sunday with his daughters, Mrs. Harry Lough and Mrs. W. H. Bollinger, Philadelphia street.

Mr. Ignatius H. Lingg and bride returned from their wedding tour to Niagara Falls, Philadelphia and other places on Thursday evening and were given a reception at the home of the groom's brother, Mr. N. Lingg, on High street. They will make this place their future home.

Mrs. J. W. Shane, of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends in this place.

Dr. Wm. Ruff Snyder, who is attending Dental College at the University of Maryland, spent a few days with friends in this place.

Mr. L. H. Rice, of Menallen township, Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Courts, gave us an appreciated call on Monday evening. Mr. Rice is a pleasant conversationalist, and makes friends wherever he goes. He would make a pleasant and obliging Clerk.

Mrs. Theo. E. Warner, of Pitt street, spent several days with her parents, at Baltimore.

Wm. Hersh, Esq., of Gettysburg, Republican candidate for District Attorney, was in town Tuesday evening and paid us a short but pleasant call.

"Jim" Slaybaugh, of Straban township, Republican candidate for Register and Recorder, gave us a pleasant call on Friday.

The bans of matrimony were published in the Immaculate Conception Church on Wednesday morning, for the first time between Mr. Joseph Glass, son of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Glass, of Oxford township, and Miss Salome Fleshman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tobius Fleshman, of Midway.

Urias Stremmel Ends His Life.

Urias Stremmel, living about two miles this side of Gettysburg, on the old Daniel Fuhrman farm in Mountpleasant township, about one half mile from Slaybaugh's blacksmith shop, died in the jail at Hagerstown on Saturday night, from the effects of aconite and laudanum taken with suicidal intent.

Shortly after 9 o'clock, he was found on West Bethel street, half conscious, and shouting and shricking. Constable Roland found him shoeless and hatless, with his hat and shoes near by, and several colored men and women trying to help him. The constable conveyed him to jail in a cab, thinking him intoxicated. Arriving at the jail Dr. W. B. Morrison was telephoned for. He arrived 10 minutes afterward, but in the interval Stremmel had died.

Papers found on him showed his identity and two bottles, one nearly full of laudanum and one of aconite nearly empty, told the story.

Among the papers found in Mr. Stremmel's coat pocket was a letter without date, in which the writer told his mother he was going away until his financial troubles were adjusted. He told her that she should have the sheriff levy on his property; that she should make no effort to find him, as he was going on the railroad and would not return until his trouble had been "fixed up." On a slip of paper was a list of promissory notes, amounting in all to $406.03, to fall due shortly.

The bottles containing the poison bore the labels of Buehler & Co., Gettysburg, druggists.

Mr. Stremmel was born and reared near Hanover about 50 years ago. He was married to Miss Saranda Fuhrman, of near Gettysburg, who with two children, Edward, at home, and Mrs. Sallie Keen, of near Gettysburg, survive him.

The remains were brought to Gettysburg for interment.

Court Items.

Report of William McSherry, Esq., auditor in estate of Cyrus Albert, deceased, filed and confirmed nisi.

Report of John L. Hill, auditor in estate of Joseph Wible, deceased, confirmed absolutely.

Report of Hon. William McClean, auditor in estate of Peter Myers, deceased, confirmed absolutely.

An execution was issued on Saturday on judgement note of $300 by Seranda Stremmel vs. Urias Stremmel.

While working in J. Emory Crouse's field near Littlestown, taking out stumps, George Wildason accidentally cut the right hand of Elmer O. Crouse frightfully with an axe near the thumb. The accident occured Thursday morning.

Death's Doings.

Mrs. Mary (Sneeringer) Hemler, wife of Joseph L. Hemler, died Thursday morning at her home in Hanover, from a complication of diseases, after an illness of nine weeks, aged 55 years.

She is survived by her husband and one brother—W. J. Sneeringer, of Baltimore. Mrs. Hemler was a daughter of John Sneeringer and was born on the farm at Johns' mill, Oxford township. She was united in marriage to Joseph L. Hemler about 20 years ago, and resided on their farm in Mountpleasant township until about 3 years ago, when they removed to Hanover.

Her funeral took place Saturday morning, interment being made at Conewago Chapel.

Samuel Weikert, a retired merchant and a respected citizen of Littlestown, died on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, after an illness of several months, in the 85th year of his age. Death was due to the infirmities of old age.

Deceased was for many years a prominent grain merchant of Littlestown. He is survived by a widow, and one son, Charles Weikert, and two daughters, Mrs. L. M. Alleman and Mrs. Mary Sanders, all of Littlestown.

Mrs. John Trimmer, of Abbottstown, died last Friday night after an illness of two weeks, aged about 73 years. She is survived by her husband and four children.

The news of the death of Rev. Dr. Harry B. Wile, pastor of the First Lutheran church of Carlisle, last Friday evening, was a shock to many people in this place who were favored with his acquaintance. During the meeting of Synod at Gettysburg two weeks ago he was taken sick and had to leave for his home where he was taken with brain fever. The immediate cause of his death was uraemic poisoning superinduced by cerebral exhaustion.

Rev. Dr. Wile was born 44 years ago at Pine Grove, Schuylkill county. He was graduated from Pennsylvania College in '77; also from the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. He was a member of the Board of Church Extension and a Trustee of the Loysville Orphans' Home and Gettysburg College. He was for two terms President of the West Pennsylvania Synod, and at its last meeting refused a third term.

The deceased is survived by an aged mother, who has been making her home with him, a wife, who was formerly Miss Carrie Fahnestock, of Gettysburg, and two children.

Found After Many Years.

While fighting in the Battle of Gettysburg, George Dietz, a former resident of Chester, Pa., and now a Honolulu jeweler, lost a watch. About a week ago he recovered it. After thirty-six years the missing timepiece fell into the hands of its owner in a manner truely remarkable.

En rout for Manila on one of the transports which recently touched at the Hawaiian Islands was Harry Ellis, a Kansas volunteer. Ellis went into Dietz's jewelry store and offered a watch for sale. On being asked where he got it, he said his father, who had found it on the field of Gettysburg, had given it to him. The jeweler opened it and found his name scratched on it. He lost no time in making a trade with the soldier.

Border Raid Claims.

W. J. Zacharias, Esq., of Chambersburg, is in Gettysburg, at the office of H. C. Picking, negotiating with those of our people who have Border Raid claims. He represents Courtland C. Clements, Esq., of Court of Claims, Washington, into whose hands the matter is to be placed. Mr. Clements will press the claims before Congress, and in case an appropriation is made is to receive a pro-rata of the amount paid.

These claims having been already adjudicated an appropriation is all that is required for their payment.

We understand that a number of our citizens called on Mr. Zacharias Monday and entered into the contract proposed. We also understand that this matter will be pushed before Congress for a final settlement.—Star.

SPAIN'S GREATEST NEED.—Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Randolph Wehler druggist.

Adam Mummert, of Big Mount, has thus far this season shipped two tons of shellbark kernels to candy manufacturers in New York City.

Additional Tax on Judgment Notes.

Collector of Internal Revenue McClain has received word from the Commissioner at Washington that ordinary judgment notes will be considered as bonds, and taxed 50 cents each, and if a power of attorney is in the note it must bear an added stamp worth 25 cents The practice has been to consider a judgment note as an ordinary note, carrying as tax a stamp worth 2 cents for every $100 of face value. In order to secure a decision in the matter, Collector McClain wrote to the department and enclosing a common blank judgment note, and received the following reply: "You are advised that this instrument is taxable at the rate of 50 cents, as a bond, and 25 cents for the power of attorney contained therein."

A FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER—Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed Sold by Randolph Wehler.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be preaching in St. Paul's Lutheran church next Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday School 9 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6 p. m.; Junior C. E. at 3 p. m.

Catechetical class will meet Saturday at 2 p. m.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. C. E. Diehl on Saturday at 2 p. m.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

There will be preaching in the M. E. church next Sunday at 7 p. m.; Sunday School 9 a. m.; Epworth League 6 p. m.

REV. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.

Divine services in St. Paul's Reformed church next Sunday at 7 p. m. Sermon to "Fathers."

Sunday School 9 a. m.; C. E. Society 6 p. m.; Teachers meeting Thursday 7 p. m.; Prayer-meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.

REV. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.—"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she could not live till morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must soon die from Pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. Kings New Discovery, saying it had more than once saved her life, and had cured her of Consumption. After three small doses she slept easily all night, and its further use completely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Randolph Wehler's drug store.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman

Choice Wheat	$ 67
No. 2 "	0 65
Raked "	50
Rye	42 @ 45
Corn	38 @ 40
Oats	20 @ 22
Clover seed, per lb	2 @ 4
Timothy seed	1.00 @ 1.50
Timothy hay	5.00 @ 8.00
Rye straw	4 00 @ 5.00

MARRIED.

Oct. 19, by Rev. E. E. Blint, Jacob F. Keith to Miss Nancy A. Miller, both of Germany township.

Oct. 20, by Rev. M. M. Noacher, V. C. Blocher, of Arendtsville, to Miss Zora C. Bream, of Menallen township.

Oct. 24, by Rev. Cyrus E. Held, Curtis E. Hamm, of New Chester, to Miss Mary E. Fishel, of Spring Grove.

Oct. 25, by Rev. R. H. Clare, Martin L. Slothower, of Abbottstown, to Miss Kate M. Hoar, of Berwick township.

Oct. 26, by Rev. U. A. Hankey, Jacob R. Thomas to Miss Crezella E. Myers, both of Menallen township.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, verses, &c., 5 cts. a line

Oct. 23, at Midway, Leon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Heist, aged 1 year.

Oct. 20, in Mountjoy township, Mrs. Magdaline Sachs, aged 80 years, 9 mos. and 10 days.

THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS

For Free Bottles

Are received by the manufacturers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and upon strict investigation it has been found that no less than 91 per cent. of those receiving trial bottles have been so helped by the Remedy sent, that they have bought large sized bottles at their druggists.

There is no doubt that Favorite Remedy is the very best medicine known for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation. The manufacturers are prepared to send free trial bottles postpaid to all those who will write, giving their full name and post office address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper.

Put some of your urine in a glass tumbler; if in 24 hours it has a sediment, or a milky, cloudy condition; if it is pale or discolored, ropy or stringy, you need a good medicine, and Favorite Remedy is the best one you can take. It speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate especially at night, scalding burning pain in passing water, staining of your linen by the urine and inability to hold it. Also the unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey or beer.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold at all drug stores at $1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.00.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SEPARATION.

There be many kinds of parting—yes, I know.
Some with fond grieving eyes that overflow.
Some with brave hands that strengthen as they go:
Ah, yes, I know, I know.

But there be partings harder still to tell,
That fall in silence like an evil spell.
Without one wistful message of farewell—
Ah yes, too hard to tell.

There is no claiming of one sacred kiss,
One token for the days when life shall miss
A spirit from the world of vanished bliss;
Ah no, not even this.

There is no rising ere the birds have sung
Their skyward songs, to journey with the sun—
Nor folded hands to show that life is done;
Ah no, for life is young.

There are no seas, no mountains rising wide,
No centuries of absence to divide—
Just soul space, standing daily side by side:
Ah, wiser to have died!

Hands still clasp hands, eyes still reflect their own;
Yet had one over universes flown,
So far each heart hath from the other grown,
Alone were less alone.

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson, in "Within the Hedge."

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.

It was at the corner of Blank street and Broadway. An old woman was standing on the curb looking uncertainly about her—now at the endless chain of street cars, now into the faces of the passers-by. She was a countrified old woman, stout and plain, yet with such goodness in her face, such simplicity, such all-embracing human kindness, as to make it, for eyes that really see, lovely to look upon.

It was a hot summer afternoon, and she was too warmly clad in dark, homely garments. Near her feet on the curbstone was a large enamel-stone satchel, with a robust cotton umbrella strapped to it. On her left arm hung a good-sized basket filled with growing plants—old-fashioned things seldom seen outside of farmhouse gardens. With her right hand incased in a gray cotton glove, she was fanning her heated face with a corner of her black shawl. Her pleasant gray eyes wandered from face to face of the hurrying throng, as if seeking sympathy, but few gave her even a casual glance, and of those few only now and then one gave her a second look lit up with momentary curiosity or amusement. The woman was so obviously out of place!—as much so as an apple tree or a clump of cinnamon roses would have been.

The guileless wistfulness of her bright old eyes pierced the hard crust of worldliness and conventionality and crept into their hearts, and more than one was moved to ask the stranger if she needed help or information, but the little crevice closed quickly; and they passed on. Only the look remained imprisoned in their bosoms, and they recalled that day things they had not thought of for many a year.

The woman had arrived on a noon train, expecting her nephew, William Henry Farner, to meet her at the station. She had waited a long time for him; then, thinking her letter had miscarried, she decided to go to his house up town. She had been there before and knew how to reach it, but she was timid about going alone.

William Henry was her only brother's child and had grown up on a farm. He was a smart boy and had grown up into a smart man. He was a prosperous provision dealer in New York now, married to a nice girl from his own township, and living comfortably in his own house out Harlem way. Whenever there arose a domestic emergency in his family—and they arose with astonishing frequency—Aunt Abby came on to nurse William Henry's wife. For that matter they would have liked to keep her with them all the time, but Aunt Abby would not leave her home—the home of her humble farming ancestors for several generations. She was essentially of the soil, a country woman in every fiber of her being. The city was to her a monster, splendid, but full of terror, whose glittering scales pained her eyes, whose incessant roar hurt her ears, accustomed to the quiet fields and woods. Not for worlds would she live in the city.

But she dearly loved William Henry and Lucilla and the children, and was glad to come and stay with them in emergencies like the one pending. Lucilla was a country girl, too, and loved the old place, and when Aunt Abby came in she always brought with her something from her old home. This time it was some plants for Lucilla's window-garden from the place where William Henry's folks used to live. She had left a good deal of soil about the roots, and that made the basket very heavy. Her arm ached sorely, but she would not set the basket down for fear some one might tread on it or steal it when she was not looking, and she kept a sharp eye also on the black satchel. Aunt Abby read the papers, and her opinion of New York morals was not high.

She began to feel very tired, and wished William Henry had not missed her, and wondered how she happened to leave her palm leaf fan on the train.

"I'm gettin' all het up!" she said to herself, wearily.

She had thought that she knew just which kind of a car to take to get to her nephew's house, but they came along so fast and looked so much alike that she was getting doubtful. She was morally certain that, once on the wrong car, her doom was sealed. There was no knowing to what dreadful den she might be lured, robbed and murdered, and no one would ever know what became of her. She had read of numbers of people disappearing mysteriously that way. So she let car after car pass until she could feel quite, quite sure.

When she had been standing there some time in the hot sun a handsome coupe stopped near her, and an old gentleman stepped out. He was a fine looking old gentleman indeed, clean-shaven, rosy and somewhat pompous. His hair was silver white, and so were the heavy brows under which were eyes as hard and bright as polished steel; his mouth was the mouth of a man who loved pomp and pleasure, but it was not altogether a cruel mouth. As he stepped on to the curb he noticed the woman standing there with her basket of country plants, looking vaguely about her, and fanning herself wearily with the black shawl.

He had a quick sense of the picturesque, this smooth-shaven old gentleman, and he was one of the few who looked a second time. His eyes softened a little, too. It was as if a breath of clover fields and orchards had been wafted to him by that bit of black shawl in the cotton-gloved hand.

Some one in passing had broken off a spray from one of the plants, and it lay wilting on the hot curbstone. The gentleman stooped, picked it up and carried it into his office in the great stone building on the corner. When he was seated at his desk it was still in his hand. He looked at it curiously. It had large, oval, dull green leaves, delicately serrated; a pungent, wholesome odor rose from it, prevailing over the other odors in the room—odors of Russia leather, of tobacco and of the street.

The gentleman inhaled its fragrance long and deeply.

"What is it?" he asked himself. "I seem to remember—ah, yes! I have it. It is—rosemary! Yes. That's what it is. Rosemary!"

The steely eyes softened still more, and fixed themselves like those of one hypnotized. The full, proud mouth grew tender.

"There was a clump of rosemary in mother's garden," so ran his thoughts, "and near it was a great mat of clove-pinks. They bloomed in June. I can smell them now. There was a huge bush of southernwood there, too, and some tawny lilies, and spiderwort, and monk's-hood, and striped grass. Strange how the old names come back to me! The lilac bushes in the corner were like trees to me in those days. I used to sit under them and play at matching blades of grass with sister Mary, and wonder why her hands were so white, and why mother never let her work hard. I know now. She faded away and died, and there was only me left. I remember those Sundays in summer when I was not allowed to play or run about. How long they were and how hot! Like today, but with such a difference! Mother always had a spray of rosemary and a pink folded in her handkerchief when we started for the meeting-house, and some caraway-seed in her pocket, which she gave me now and then during the service when she saw I was almost asleep. I taste them now, and smell the rosemary and the pinks, and the pine odors coming in at the open window, and the varnish on the pews, all mingled together. And I hear the creaking of the women's fans, and the horses whinnying under the shed behind the meeting-house, and the minister's droning voice—how it all comes back to me!

"And Abby—Abby Grover—her folks' pew was across from ours, and I used to try my best to make her laugh in meeting, but I don't think I ever succeeded. She was a nice girl, Abby was. Not pretty, but with something about her that was better than beauty. And her eyes and hair were really lovely, I remember.

"Abby generally wore a sprig of rosemary pinned to her dress when I went over to see her Sunday nights in summer. That was after we grew up. We used to sit on the orchard wall and talk until the whippoorwills began crying, and Abby's mother would come to the door and say the dew was falling and she guessed we better come in.

"I fancy I did most of the talking, though, for Abby was one of your silent, deep sort. I told her all my plans for getting away from the farm and making my fortune in the city. And she would listen patiently, though I must have been a terrible bore, and look at me with her nice, clear eyes, and say, 'How ambitious you are, Joey!' Joey! Fancy anyone calling me 'Joey' now!

"And how proud she was of me when I began to get on in the world—and she helped me, too, Abby did. She lent me her little savings from school teaching, and later on when the farm came to her, she raised money on that to start me in business. Is there anything a woman will not do for the man she loves?"

At this point the color deepened on the old gentleman's forehead, and a deep breath like a sigh expanded his glistening shirt front.

"Of course I paid her back every dollar with interest," went on his thoughts, "and I meant to keep my promise of marriage, too. It was Abby herself who broke the engagement, when she found out that I loved another girl better. It was the right thing to do, certainly, and Abby always did the right thing. She did not seem to take it much to heart, either; but she never married. At least, I never heard that she did. It is 25 years or more since I saw the old place. There was nothing to draw me there after the old folks died. I wonder—I wonder what became of Abby! Dead, probably. She would be an old woman if she were living; not so very old either. She was two years younger than I, and I am not yet turned 65—"

A clerk came in and laid a telegram on the desk. The old gentleman took it. The steely look came back to his eyes.

The old woman in the black shawl was still standing on the street corner. She looked tired and anxious, and the plants in the basket had wilted sadly. The cars looked more alike than ever, and she did not dare to stop one. A policeman on the other corner had scowled at her unpleasantly two or three times, and Aunt Abby felt almost ready to drop, what with the heat and the fatigue and the dread that the policeman might speak to her, and she be hopelessly disgraced thereby.

Suddenly her face broke into a delighted smile. A ruddy, youngish man came hurrying up to her.

"Wall, there!" exclaimed Aunt Abby, as he shook hands with her and kissed her, and began asking questions and answering them all in the same breath. "Wall, there, now, William Henry, if that don't beat all!"

Then she told how she had waited in the station and then on the street corner, until she was "all het up," and had left her palm-leaf fan on the train, and wondered if the plants would come up again, and asked how Lucilla was, etc., etc.

Meantime the man had picked up the black satchel and the basket, and hustled Aunt Abby good-naturedly into the car, and the two were gone.

And the sprig of rosemary lay forgotten on the floor under the old gentleman's feet.—Waverly.

Cinderella Up to Date.

They had just returned from a wedding, and the two sisters were discussing all they had seen with their usual volubility.

Cinderella alone remained silent.

"Yes," said one sister, "we, who have been through a private seminary and a college, have been taught to observe, and it is natural that, between us, nothing should escape our observation. Is it not so? Let me ask you, then, if you took it all in?"

"Indeed I did," replied the other sister. "I noticed first the gowns of every one of the relatives, and by inwardly comparing their styles and make I could tell within a hundred dollars of just how much each relative was worth. Not only this, but their actions towards each other revealed to me but too plainly just what their opinions of each other were. And then, the bride!"

"Yes, the bride!" exclaimed the other. "She was dressed—"

And in thirty-five minutes by the clock she described what the bride wore.

"And you," said the first sister, turning to Cinderella, "tell us what you saw."

Cinderella was silent until she spoke.

"I saw all you saw, and more," she said.

The sisters gazed at her superciliously.

"Indeed!" they chorused. "What did you see that we didn't see?"

"I noticed the groom," said Cinderella.—Tom Mason, in Life.

Too Much Name.

"Look out!" he cried, for the advancing vehicle was almost upon his friend. "Look out! Here comes an au-aut, an auter-auto, an automo-automobile—there! hang it. I've said it at last, but, of course, it's too late," and he picked the bleeding form of his companion from the street as he watched the machine bowl over a policeman and crash to pieces in front of a street car.

"Good thing for the doctors," he said, "unless you've got a dictionary with you."—Cleveland Leader.

THE KING OF LECTURERS.

JOHN B. GOUGH WAS THE STAR OF ALL LYCEUM LECTURERS.

Major Pond Writes Entertainingly of the Greatest of Temperance Advocates — A Victim of Stage Fright—Groomed Like a Race Horse After Each Lecture.

Major Pond, the lyceum impressario, writes as follows in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia:

John B. Gough deserves the title of king of the lecture world, if popularity be made the sole test, and only Mr. Beecher and Wendell Phillips had any claim to contest the title with him, if eloquence—the power to hold and charm audiences—be made the test.

Mr. Gough was a more popular lecturer for a longer term of years than any other favorite of the lyceum. He was a born orator, with great dramatic power. Men with greater culture but less natural ability used to be fond of attributing his success to the supposed fact that he was the "evangelical comedian," that the "unco good," whose religious prejudices would not suffer them to go to the theatre, found a substitute in listening to the comic stories and dramatic delivery of Gough.

This theory does not suffice to explain the universal and long-continued popularity of this great orator. He never faced an audience that he did not capture and captivate; and not in the United States only, where his popularity never wavered, but in the south, where Yankees were not in favor, and in the Canadian provinces, where they were disliked, and in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland as well. He was at his best before an educated audience in an evangelical community. But when he addressed a "minion" audience in North street—the Five-Points region of Boston—he charmed the gamin and the poorest classes who gathered there as much as he charmed the cultivated assemblages in Music hall, Boston, then admitted to be the finest audiences that Boston and its suburbs could turn out.

Mr. Gough never asked a fee in his life. He left his remuneration to the public who employed him. It rose year after year, beginning with less than a dollar at times, until, when the bureau did his business for him, it reached from $200, the lowest fee, to $500 a night. In the last years of his life his income exceeded $30,000. He did more to promote the temperance cause than any man who ever lived. It is strange, but it is a fact, that although Gough never broke down in his life as an orator, and never failed to capture his audience, yet he always had a mild sort of stage-fright, which never went off until he began to speak.

To get time to master this fright was the reason why he always insisted on being "introduced" to his audiences before he spoke, and he so insisted even in places where the absurd custom had been abandoned for years. When the chairman was introducing him, Mr. Gough was "bracing up" to overcome his stage fright. And let me say right here that the phrase, "bracing up" has two meanings; that the slanderous phrase often started against Mr. Gough, that he sometimes took a drink in secret, was wholly and wickedly untrue. In his autobiography, Mr. Gough has told the true story of his fall, his conversion, and his one relapse, and he has told it truthfully. He was absolutely and always, after his first relapse, a total abstinence man in creed and life. There never lived a truer man.

For forty years he held the reputation as first in the land as an orator and champion of temperance. He probably delivered more lectures than any man who has lived in the present age. From a carefully kept record we find that from 1842 to 1852 he lectured on an average 300 times a year, making 3000 lectures. From 1862 to 1870 he averaged 260 times a year, or 2080 lectures on temperance. Of these, 1160 were delivered in Great Britain. After 1870 Mr. Gough lectured on miscellaneous subjects. Each year he prepared a new lecture. From 1861 to the time of his death, Feb. 11, 1886, he delivered 3526 lectures, making in all 9600 addresses before 9,000,000 hearers.

John B. Gough was among the heroes of the nineteenth century. The incalculable good he did to his fellow men can never be known. It is no idle statement when we say that he was the direct means, under God, of raising tens of thousands from degradation to be lawabiding men and women. It was my privilege, in 1879, to see in Mr. Gough's library four large books containing the names of over 140,000 men, women and children who by his own personal efforts had been induced to sign the pledge.

It was the habit of John B. Gough for forty years to carry two overcoats on his lecture tours. After his lectures he put both of them on—the first, a light one, which he buttoned up tight; and the second, a very heavy one, a sort of combination of heavy ulster and the regulation overcoat.

His two-hour lecture was an unbroken succession of contortions and antics that left him dripping in perspiration. It required all this covering to protect his body from the air before he changed his wet clothing for dry.

On his return to his hotel Mrs. Gough was always in waiting with fresh clothing. A valet at once set to work rubbing him down, exactly as is the custom of grooming a racehorse at the end of the heat. After this process he appeared apparently as fresh as ever. He would eat a bowl of bread and milk, and always wanted an old-fashioned bowl.

Mrs. Gough was his constant companion, but did not attend the lectures. During the last twelve years of their travel together she did not hear him once.

THE FATHER OF PENMANSHIP.

Spencer Wrote His First Characters Upon Bark and the Sands of the Beach.

There is a project on foot at Geneva, Ohio, to erect a memorial library to the memory of the world's greatest penman, Platt R. Spencer. The new building will be of stone, and is to cost $20,000. Besides an extensive library it is to shelter the historical collections of Ashtabula county.

In the Ohio town of some 3000 inhabitants Spencer lived in the early days of the Western reserve, and in the little log schoolhouse, which was also his residence, he first taught writing. This little log house is fresh in the memories of hundreds of the most successful men and women of the United States, who in early days came from all sections of the country to attend this school, which was commonly known as "Jerico" or the "Log Seminary."

Spencer's life was filled with hardships, and all that he attained was gained by hard study, hard work and strength of purpose. He could, therefore, as a teacher, appreciate the hardships of his pupils in their struggles for an education. It was as much Spencer's attitude toward his pupils as his capabilities that made him famous as an instructor. Although Spencer was a teacher of many branches, his specialty, as is well known, was penmanship. The beautiful characters of the Spencerian system of writing are taught today most extensively in every state in the Union.

When these characters first took form it was not upon carefully prepared paper, but in the sands by the water's edge, on the bark of trees and upon the framework forming the cabin of a lake steamer. Long before he had attained the age of eight years his great desire was to write or draw.

Even at this early age his hardships in pursuing his chosen work are noticeable, for up to that time he had never seen a piece of writing paper. He had heard of writing paper and its uses, however, and it was his great desire to secure, if possible, a single sheet. He then lived at East Fishkill, New York state, his native town. This point was a Mecca for lumbermen in those days, who often traversed a distance of twenty miles to the nearest town of any size.

To one of these lumbermen the ambitious boy intrusted what was probably his first penny, instructing him to buy him a sheet of paper before his return. It was nearly midnight when the lumberman arrived back at Fishkill, but Platt was waiting for him, and with the precious sheet before him in his room he began to write.

While in school at Conneaut, Ohio, Spencer asked permission to build a partition around his desk that he might study alone. Consent being given he built the partition. His penmanship was so noticeably fine that he was levied upon to write copies for the entire writing class of the school. These copies were usually of his own composition, and many times were verses of poetry containing some gem of thought. He once wrote a poem on "The Pen," which is considered his best.

When he became a teacher himself he gave no countenance to the pupil who was inclined to waste his time. He would, however, stay hours after school to assist the willing pupil, and a parent could have taken no more heartfelt interest in their welfare.

It is for this reason that his pupils, though now well along in years, seek to remember him in a befitting manner. Mahlon J. Woodruff of New York city has erected a stone at the grave of Mr. Spencer in Geneva cemetery, and on this stone are the following words:

PLATT ROGERS SPENCER,
1800-1864.
Poet, Penman, Director,
Author of Spencerian Penmanship,
Reformer, Benefactor.
Erected by his grateful pupil,
MAHLON S. WOODRUFF,
New York City.
By permission.

He May Return.

"There goes a man," said the railway magnate, "who surprised me this morning."

"How did he succeed in doing that?"

"Came into my office and confidentially informed me that he had been interested in my progress for a long time; that he had at the very start predicted a brilliant future for me, and said that I was more than fulfilling his extravagant early expectations."

"Well?"

"Well, after all that he left without asking me for a pass to anywhere."

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"A Gentle Wind of Western Birth"

Tells no sweeter story to humanity than the announcement that the health-giver and health-bringer, Hood's Sarsaparilla, tells of the birth of an era of good health. It is the one reliable specific for the cure of all blood, stomach and liver troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

In Surrey, England, there is a great poultry fattening establishment, which annually sends about 36,000 fowls to London.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

There are 2,200 central station plants for generating electricity in the United States.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

There is an epidemic of fleas in one of the New York markets.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1005 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Richest Gold Mine in the World.

The Band Barton and Albion gold mine, under the town of Ballarat, in Australia, has yielded more than fifty millions as the value of its output of gold since it was discovered about thirty years ago. It is the most productive gold mine yet known. Its supply of paying quartz seems practically inexhaustible, and as the vein is extensive, being spread over much territory, the mine bids fair to last for centuries. The work in the Ballarat gold mine is said to be much safer as well as more comfortable than that of the workers in a coal mine. At Ballarat there are no noxious gases and no danger from explosions. Air is forced into the workings through various shafts. In the Transvaal rich and regular deposits were discovered in 1886 in the Witwatersrand. The reefs are estimated to contain nearly 100,000,000 tons of ore, the gold of which is said to be worth £45,000,000. From eighty to a hundred years must elapse before the field is worked out.

Doubtless Remembered.

The Advocate of India tells of a curious way of rejoicing. The Nawab of Rampore being blessed with a daughter, rejoicings were taking place in his state, and a week's pay was deducted from every state official in commemoration of the event.

No Cure, No Pay,

Is the way Findley's Eye Salve is sold. Chronic and granulated lids cured in 30 days; common sore eyes in 3 days, or money back for the asking. Sold by all Druggists, or by mail, 25c. box. J. P. HAYTER, Decatur, Texas.

In a Methodist Church in a remote Georgia community the old rule of separation of the sexes during worship is observed.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The largest pumping engine in the world is in the Calumet and Hecla mines.

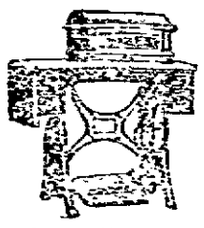
Tattooing is just now the popular pastime of the leisured world.

BUY OF THE MAKER.

Corsets. 39c to $3.

Fifty-one years ago, we began our present plan of doing business of selling direct to the consumer, as we found thousands of people living in all parts of this country who pay cash for their merchandise, were tired of paying the big profits their local dealers were charging.

We then began selling everyone our own goods made in our own factories, consisting of everything you Eat, everything you Wear, everything you Use, everything found in a house, in an office, in an hotel, on a farm, or in a barn, and we are saving money to-day for nearly two million people, who live in all parts of the world. *Our 304 page Catalogue costs us 50c to print and mail is free to everyone—it tells all about everything to Eat, Wear and Use, has 10,000 illustrations and quotes wholesale prices on 10,000 different articles.*



Sewing Machines. $7.95 to $27.

Our Lithographed Carpet Catalogue shows Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares, Portieres and Lace Curtains in their real colors. Carpets sewed free, lining furnished free and freight prepaid.

Chair 89c.

Our Made-to-Order Clothing Catalogue with samples of cloth attached, offers suit and overcoats from $5.95 to $20.00. Express paid on clothing everywhere. We also issue a Special Catalogue of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines and Bicycles. Which Catalogue do you want? Address this way:

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD. Dept. 213

CARTER'S INK
You deny yourself pleasure and comfort if you don't use it.

Exports of coal from the United States have increased from 227,918 tons in 1870, to over 4,000,000 tons during the past year.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Home for Families of Bandits.

Not actuated by remorse, but by pure philanthropy, Jim Jenkins, hunter of outlaws, has concluded to devote all his money to the maintenance of a home for the orphans and widows of men he has run to earth, in particular, and of criminals of the great Southwest in general. Jim Jenkins, now of Kansas, is now 65 years old and has spent forty years as a scout and hunter of bandits and train robbers. In this way he has made about $50,000. Among the distinguished outlaws he has chased were Jesse James and his brother, Bob Ford, Bill Dalton and Bill Cook, while he was the leader of the band that caught Cherokee Bill in 1895. In the Dalton raid in Coffeyville, Kas., Jenkins was shot eight times. He estimates his bag of bad men at about 150. The home, which is being built on a 5,000-acre farm owned by Jenkins, near Pryor Creek, I. T., is to cost $20,000.—Buffalo Express

One doesn't get rid of bills by tearing them up, but they are disposed of for the time being.—Ex.

THE very word "operation" strikes terror to a woman's soul.

Nearly always these operations become necessary through neglect.

If the menses are very painful, or too frequent and excessive, get the right advice at once and stop taking chances. It will cost you nothing for advice if you write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for it, and if you let the trouble run along it will surely cost you a great deal of pain and may mean an operation.

WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

MISS SARAH J. GRAHAM, Sheridanville, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had suffered for several years with female troubles and doctored until I was discouraged. I felt wretched and tired of living. I had disease of kidneys, bladder trouble, dropsy and bloating, had womb trouble and a large tumor had formed; in fact all my organs were out of fix.

"Seeing a woman's letter praising your remedies, I wrote to her and she begged of me to try it, telling me all that it had done for her. I bought six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now cannot express my gratitude to you. The tumor began to come away in pieces and I got better all the time. I believe now that I am entirely cured.

"My doctors could not believe it at first, as they all had told me that my case was a hopeless one, and no human power could do me any good. They were astounded. If I can say anything that can help other women, I shall be glad to."

It is not safe to wait until the last moment. Head off trouble by prompt attention to it. Don't be satisfied without Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

When Each May Do as He Likes.

When that good time arrives
That each of us who strives
Along unpleasant ways today
May choose from all the rest
The task that suits him best,
What will your fancy turn to, pray?

You who are weary now
What time you guide the plow,
Will you put on a helmet then?
Or will you cruise the seas,
Or will you seek to please
The world with chisel, brush or pen

And you who wield the pick,
And you who build with brick,
And you who toil with awl and thread,
What ways will you pursue,
What great things will you do,
What high profession will you wed?

I know before you say:
When that delightful day
For which we sigh, for which we sing,
Arrives, at last, we'll all
Let pens and trowels fall,
And never more do anything.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Johnny—What are nonsense verses, papa? Papa—Nearly all of them, my son.

"Parker is a good listener." "That may account for the fact that he and his wife seem to be such a happy couple."

She—A young lady acquaintance of mine is training herself for an editor. He—Indeed! What is the name of the editor she is training herself for?

Mother—There, now, be a nice little boy and kiss the lady, Johnny. Johnny—I ain't a kissing bug that kisses everything that comes along.

Teacher—Who was Mercury? Johnnie—He was the liar of mythology. That's why they put him into thermometers. He's still up in his old business, pa says.

Election Inspector (severely)—"Sir, have you ever read the constitution of the United States?" Naturalized Citizen—"No. Have you?" Election Inspector—"N—o."

Papa won't buy me a 'mobile:
Papa won't buy me a 'mobile;
I've got a pony cart,
But it doesn't touch my heart—
I've got to have a 'mo-bile-bile!

"Gur-ruls are niver satisfied," mused the janitor philosopher. "Whin they are in short skirts they are crying for long ones, an' whin they git long wans they have to hold thim up."

"Never fall in love with a girl who is absent-minded and devoted to clubs." "Why not?" "I proposed to such a girl once. She called in the whole family and moved me a vote of thanks."

Condemned man (to his lawyer)—"It's a long sentence, sir, to be sent to prison for life." Lawyer (inclined to a more hopeful view)—"Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while."

Lady (to dog fancier)—What kind of dogs have you for sale? Dog fancier—Scotch terriers, Chinese pugs, French poodles and English setters. Lady—Have you any of those ocean greyhounds that I have read about?

Publisher (to Mrs. Newrich, who has compiled a volume of poems)—Of course, you will want your book bound in morocco. Mrs. Newrich—Well, if it's the proper thing to have it bound in Morocco, go ahead and send it there. But I don't see why they can't bind it just as well in this country.

Wild White Sheep.

This rare wild white sheep is found nowhere in the world but Alaska, and few specimens for mounting whole have ever been obtained. This species, named ovis dalli by Professor Dall differs from its cousin, the Rocky mountain big horn (ovis montana,) in color, ovis montana being a dull brown in midsummer, changing to a grayish drab in winter, with a light ashy colored patch over the rump all the year, while the ovis dalli is snow white at all seasons; in fact, there is not a colored hair on any part of its body He is not quite so stockily built as our "big horn," yet more trim and shapely. Two of my specimens stood forty-two inches at the shoulder. His limbs are not quite so heavy, and his horns will not average as large at the base, although quite as long. The horns of my largest specimen of 1897 measured 41 1-4 inches in length and 14 1-2 inches in circumference at the base.

The flesh is the most delicious of all wild game. In the summer this sheep lives chiefly on the rich, succulent growth of the asplenium septentrionale, which grows in the crevices of the rock on the sunny slopes of this rugged range. This beautiful animal must endure great hardships to survive the winters of this icy north.—Outing.

Business Curfew in "Missoury."

A unique curfew arrangement is that in vogue in some of the Louis county (Mo.) towns, under which the bell rings at 8.15 every evening as a signal for the merchants to close their stores and quit business for the day. —Kansas City Journal.

Indisputable Proof.

As Brown jumped out of reach of one of the big apes at the circus, that showed an inordinate desire to sample his flesh, said Fogg: "I've always heard that man sprang from the monkey, and now I know it."

THE REAL ISSUE.

Some say "Free silver is a curse,"
Some think it is the nation's hope;
But no one wants "Free Alkali,"
And there is none in Ivory Soap.

IVORY SOAP—99 44/100 PER CENT. PURE.

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The gimlet-pointed screw has been responsible for more wealth than most silver mines.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

An "Exam."

Economy is so important a subject that the mathematical housekeeper will doubtless find it greatly to her edification and profit to consider the following from Puck: If a housewife twists in one hour and fifteen minutes ninety-three "lamp-lighters" when 1,250 matches can be bought for five cents, at what rate per hour does she value her time, assuming the worth of the paper to be zero? If the aforesaid woman will take six steps across a room and six returning, each step being of twenty-two inches, to save one match, how far should she consistently walk to save five cents carfare? If a man can draw from boards in fifty minutes seventy-eight nails of a certain size, what wages would he be earning per hour, nails being worth four cents per pound, and there being one hundred of this size in a pound?

In a certain climate underwear at a price of $4 per winter will assure against colds. Assuming that underwear costing $1 per season will lead to two visits from the doctor at $1.50 each, what is the saving by the purchase of the cheaper material? Oil is worth nine cents per gallon. Lamp A burns forty-five gallons in reading or sewing period of one year; lamp B, twenty-five gallons. Spectacles A cost $4.50; spectacles 25 cents. If lamp B and spectacles B are used, the eyesight is made useless in eight years for a person whose expectation of sound eyesight with the use of lamp A and spectacles A is twenty-five years. Making no allowance for deterioration of lamps or spectacles, estimate the value of eyes per pair.

Ayer's Pills

Is your breath bad? Then your best friends turn their heads aside. A bad breath means a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers**
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.
ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES
THE GENUINE have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.
Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue C Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Long Swim.

Ernest Whitehead captured a young seal near Anacapa island, California, recently, and took him on board his ship, says Our Dumb Animals. As the vessel started the mother seal was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The little captive barked responsively. After reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara the captive was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's call by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was in the sack. The mother seized the sack, and with her sharp teeth tore it open. She had followed the sloop eighty miles.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup The best remedy for Consumption. Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup. Small doses; quick, sure results. *Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, 20 for 5c.*

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 316

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

GOLDEN CROWN
LAMP CHIMNEYS
Are the best. Ask for them. Cost no more than common chimneys. All dealers.
PITTSBURG GLASS CO., Allegheny, Pa.

FITS STOPPED FREE Permanently Cured Insanity Prevented by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they pay the express charges only when received. Send to Dr. Kline, 141 Broadway, Medical Institute of Medicine, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER
Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, 25c.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

Dr. Ricord's Essence of Life since 1863 has been the standard, never-failing remedy for all cases of nervous, mental, physical debility, lost vitality and premature decay in both sexes; positive, permanent cures; full treatment $5, or $1 a bottle; stamp for circular. J. JACQUES, Agent, 176 Broadway, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days' treatment, postpaid, 10 cents. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Greenwich St., N.Y.

P. N. U. 49 '99

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A VERY POPULAR DEMOCRAT.

Choice of the Whole Democracy for Clerk of the Courts.

TAUGHT SCHOOL 15 YEARS

Also an Up-to-date Farmer—A Loyal Democrat and a most Congenial Citizen.

If there is one man sure of the united support of the Democratic party, it is Layton H. Rice, the popular Democratic nominee for Clerk of the Courts. He is a native of Adams county and of Menallen township, where he was born 44 years ago.

Mr. Rice was educated in the common schools of his township and at the normal schools at Arendtsville and East Berlin. He has followed the profession

of teaching for more than fifteen years. Most of this time he has taught in his own township. Mr. Rice is also a prosperous and up-to-date farmer, standing well in the estimation of those who know him best. He has always proven his loyalty to the tenets of Democracy by working faithfully for their success wherever he could be of most assistance. Mr. Rice is an affable and pleasant gentleman to meet.

He is widely and favorably known throughout the county. We therefore bespeak for him, on account of his many sterling qualities and eminent fitness for the office he aspires, the united support of his own party and many complimentary votes from the members of other parties.

CANDIDATE FOR TREASURER

Excellent Portrait and Sketch of Mr. Penrose Myers, of Gettysburg.

A STERLING DEMOCRAT.

At an Early age He Learned the Jewelry Trade and has since been a Prominent Business Man of Gettysburg.

The Democratic Convention is credited with having acted wisely in selecting from the number of excellent candidates Penrose Myers, or, as he familiarly called, "Pen," for one of their standard bearers.

Mr. Myers was born May 28th 1858, in Dover, York county, and while yet an infant his parents moved to Adams county, where the subject of our sketch has since resided. He comes from an

old Democratic family, his father being William E. Myers, his uncles Jacob E., Conrad and George, all of whom have been known for the past two generations as active and insistant Democrats.

At an early age "Pen" Myers entered the employ of F. G. Stark, the well-known jeweler of Hanover, and served an apprenticeship of four years.

In 1876, and before he had attained his majority, he started the jewelry and watchmaking business in Gettysburg, where he has since resided.

"Pen" Myers has shown himself a public spirited and progressive citizen, alive to the best interests of the community and always interested in any improvement. His geniel qualities has made him a host of friends and, although his sterling Democracy is familiar to all, it is predicted for him a very strong support from his acquaintances, regardless of party.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.—If your friends or neighbors are suffering from coughs, colds, sore throat, or any throat or lung disease (including consumption), ask them if they have ever used Otto's Cure. This famous German remedy is having a large sale here and is performing some wonderful cures of throat and lung diseases. No matter what other medicines have failed to do, try Otto's Cure. Large sizes 25c. and 50. Sold by M. S. Hitshew.

DESIRABLE PROPERTIES AT PRIVTE SALE.

The undersigned offers at private sale a Desirable Home, situate in Qualityville, a short distance from New Oxford Borough, fronting 60 feet on the New Chester road and running back 495 feet. Improved with a New 2-Story Frame House, Stable, Hog Pen, well of good water, cistern and Fruit of all kinds. This is a desirable property and should command the attention of buyers.

Also a Desirable Property in New Chester, Straban township, containing ½ acre of Land, fronting on the Creager mill road; improved with a 2-Story Frame House with back-building, Stable, Hog Pen and other outbuildings, well of good water, cistern and plenty of fruit of all kinds. The buildings are all in No. 1 condition. Both properties will be sold on liberal terms. For further particulars call on or address GEO. F. WITTER.
New Chester, Pa.

DESIRABLE HOME AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers at private sale his desirable home, consisting of forty acres of land, more or less, in Straban township, midway between New Chester and Creager's mill, improved with a two-story Log-weatherboarded House, bank barn, large shop, hog pen, plenty of good water, fruit of all kinds, &c. The land is in a No. 1 state of cultivation. The property will be sold on very reasonable terms. For further particulars call on or address A. C. HOFFHEINS.
New Chester, Pa

GO TO

GILBERT & SON

FOR

Guns and Rifles, Ammunition, Shells Loaded

at short notice to suit purchasers.
....ALSO A FULL LINE OF....

Horse Blankets and Lap Robes.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Winter Wraps For Ladies & Children.

Ladies' Coats

In fine blue and black Beaver, lined and unlined.

A heavy blue and black corded boucle, lined throughout.

A heavy brown curled boucle, faced in red satin, with velvet collar.

Black and blue Kerseys, heavy fur collar.

Pearl Beaver, lined throughout with red satin.

Coverts, lined with red satin.

Castor Beavers, fancy lining.

LADIES' CAPES in Golf.

Beaver cloth; Kerseys, fur trimmed; Astracans, fur trimmed; Embroidered Silk Plush, thimmed in Thibet fur; Crushed Plush, fur trimmed; Plain Silk Plush, trimmed in Siberian Bear.

COLLARETTES, a big assortment.

CHILDREN'S COATS, from the cheapest to the best. All Styles.

N. B. Carver & Sons.
HANOVER, PA.

GO TO **L. J. WEIKERT**
FOR YOUR

Patent Medicines, Jewelry and Bicycle Sundries; also BICYCLES.

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry a specialty.

LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING,
CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

MILLER'S Mammoth Store.

OCT. 28TH, '99.

You are missing Big Bargains in the Dry Goods, Clothing and Carpet lines if you don't come to see our Closing Out prices.

Outing at 4, 5 and 6c a yard.

Calico at 2, 3 and 4½c yard.

Bleached and Unbleached Muslin, all prices.

We have a big lot of Canton Flannel at low prices.

Remnants in Black Dress Goods at 3c a yard.

The best XXX Live Geese Feathers at 44c a pound.

The Odd Coats we are selling at $1 are a Big Bargain. We have a big line of Odd Pants from 75c up to $2.25. Full Suits from $1.90 to $9. Remember, you get these all at cost and many of them at less than cost.

Our car load of Caddage was just one week late, arriving November the 2nd.

Seasonable Shoes.

The cool weather is a reminder that Fall and Winter shoeing time is here. We have put in a line of just such goods as you need at money saving prices.

Ladies' Extension Sole Shoes begin at $1.25 and you can get a very excellent quality at that price. The better ones $1.50 $1.75 and $2.00.

H. W. Miller, Baltimore St., HANOVER, PA.

GITT & CONRAD,

CORNE FOUNTAIN SQAE AND FREDERICK STEET, HANOVER.

With great stock and bigger assortment.
With richer goods than ever,
We inaugurate our Fall business.
We offer the following items:

Ladies' Dongola Dress Shoes, fair stitch, all button, opera toe, patent leather tips, sizes from 2½ to 7, at 90 cents a pair.

Ladies' Kid Skin Dress Shoes. English toe, with tip of the same, kid lined, all lace at $2.00 a pair.

Men's Winter Tan Color Dress Shoes, with rubber heels, (Geo. Snow's make) at $3.50 a pair.

Men's Winter Box Calf and Tan Colored Dress Shoes, English toe, tipped, at $2.35 and $2.50 a pair.

Men's Winter Tan Color Dress Shoes, in all sizes at $1 75 a pair.

Men's Dress Shoes, in black, Congress and lace, Globe, plain and opera toe, tipped at $1.00 a pair.

Misses School Shoes, in button and lace, opera toe, tipped, grain leather at 85 cents a pair.

Boys' Dress Shoes, in black, Opera toe, tipped, in all sizes at 90 cents a pair.

GITT & CONRAD,

.....EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALERS,.....

CORNER FOUNTAIN SQUARE AND FREDERICK STREET, - HANOVER, PA.

BIG LINE OF Ready-Made Clothing.

OVERCOATS, &C., FOR THE FALL AND WINTER TRADE, JUST RECEIVED. COME EARLY FOR BARGAINS. GOODS AND PRICES ALL RIGHT. FULL LINE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' SHIRTS. FLEECE UNDERWEAR A SPECIALTY. HATS AND CAPS OF THE LATEST PATTERNS AND STYLES.

Fine Line of Children's and Youth's Suits.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY DEALING WITH ME AND AT THE SAME TIME YOU GET ALL UP-TO-DATE GOODS. COME AND SEE ME. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FRANK S. BECHTEL'S

One Price Cash Clothing House.

{ Removed into the Large Room of the HOTEL O'BOLD BUILDING }
FOUNTAIN SQUARE, HANOVER, PA.

FOR

PEACHES, PRUNES, RAISINS, &C.,

The Finest in Town,

HEINZ'S APPLE BUTTER AND JELLIES.

FRESH OYSTERS DAILY

at **Plymire's Store,** CENTRE SQ., NEW OXFORD, PA.

I have just received Thirty head of fine

VIRGINIA CATTLE,

which I will sell at LAST FALL'S PRICES,

BY THE QUARTER:

Front Quarter—6c.
Hind Quarters—8c.

Sausage Meat from 7c to 10c per lb.

ALL KINDS OF

Fresh Meats

always on hand at my store, next to Sheely & Bro.'s Dry Goods Store, Center Square.

THEO. E WARNER.

Highest Price paid for Hides.

The Rare Attractiveness of our Furniture is Seen at a Glance

it has an air of substantial elegance that appeals to the eye at once, but closer inspection shows the splendid material, the excellent workmanship, the superior finish—

all the Good Points that make it Reliable.

Come and see us and be convinced

M. A. BAUGHMAN,
113 Baltimore St., HANOVER, PA.

KEYSTONE
CATTLE COMFORT!

A Boon to Live Stock.

Brings Ease and Quiet throughout the Entire Day.
Needed in Every Stable.
Needed on Every Farm.

Saves your Horses, Mules and Cows from torture by Flies, Gnats and Mosquitoes.

Cattle grazing are relieved from the noxious effects of Horn Flies.

It destroys Fleas on Dogs and Cats. Lice on Fowls, and if applied to the perches in a hennery it prevents the spread of lice.

Roaches and Croton Rugs will not stay and Flies will not light where it is applied.

KEYSTONE CATTLE COMFORT is unlike all other preparations. It is detrimental to Insects but Anticeptic and Healthful to Animals.

Ready for immediate use. Apply lightly with a brush or rag.

SOLD BY

J. L. EMLET, Druggist,
HANOVER, PA.

J. L. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Gettysburg, Pa.

Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office in Stangler building, 1st square, Baltimore Street.

Western Maryland Railroad

—CONNECTING WITH—

P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. R. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Bruceville and Hanover, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

ALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION

Schedule in effect Oct. 2, 1899.

READ DOWNWARD.			STATIONS.	READ UPWARD.		
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	5 54		Le Williamsp't Ar			8 20
2 07	7 02		Hagerstown	12 10		8 00
2 38	7 32		Ar Edg'mont Le	11 45		7 34
	6 00		Le Shipp'nsb'g Ar	1 05		8 55
1 45	6 31		Chambersburg	12 29		8 28
2 18	7 05		Waynesboro	12 02		7 52
2 36	7 27		Ar Edg'mont Le	11 45		7 35
2 41	7 35		Le Edg'mont Ar	11 42		7 34
2 56	7 50		Ar Highfield Le	11 28		7 19
2 56	7 50		Le Highfield Ar	11 25		7 16
3 24	8 16		Fairfield	10 56		6 46
3 33	8 24		Orrtanna	10 45		6 37
3 38	8 28		McKnightstown	10 40		6 32
3 42	8 32		Seven Stars	10 37	P. M.	6 29
3 52	8 43		Gettysburg	10 23	1 12	5 20
4 14	9 05		New Oxford	10 03	12 51	5 56
4 18	9 09	A. M.	Berlin Junction	9 59	12 48	5 52
4 31	9 22	6 10	Hanover	9 46	12 37	5 39
4 45	9 38	6 20	Porters	9 32	12 25	5 27
4 50	9 42	6 25	Sinsheim	9 23	12 20	5 20
5 01	9 54	6 33	Green Ridge	9 15	12 10	5 13
5 03	9 56	6 35	Glenville	9 13	12 08	5 11
5 12	10 04	6 44	Lineboro	9 05	12 00	5 00
5 20	10 11	6 51	Alesia	8 57	11 53	4 53
5 31	10 21	7 01	Green Mount	8 47	11 42	4 42
5 35	10 25	7 05	Hampstead	8 43	11 38	4 37
5 42	10 31	7 12	Arcadia	8 36	11 31	4 30
5 54	10 41	7 25	Woodensburg	8 26	11 22	4 19
5 58	10 45	7 30	Ar Em'y Gro Le	8 22	11 17	4 15
6 00	10 46	7 32	Le Em'y Gro Ar	8 20	11 15	4 15
6 57	11 29	8 30	Ar Baltimor Le	7 22	10 17	3 32
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover at 5 50 a. m. and 12 30 and 5 42 p m. for Berlin Junction, Abbottstown, East Berlin and intermediate stations.

Leave East Berlin at 5.45, 8.35 and 11.25 a. m. and 3 45 p. m. for Abbottstown, Berlin Jc., Hanover and intermediate stations.

HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave New Oxford 11.55 a m Hendrix 12 04, p m, Hanover 12.15, Smiths 12.32 Porters 12 29, Valley Jc. 12.33, Jefferson 12 41, Cold Spring 12.46, Strickhouser's 12.52, arrive Hanover Jc. 1.00 p. m

Leave Hanover Junction 1 40 p m, arriving at Hanover 2.20.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION—Leave Porters for York and intermediate stations at 7 30 and 9 38 a. m., and 12 29 and 5 27 p. m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9 00 and 11 55 a. m., and 4 10 and 6 25 p. m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6 33 a. m

Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9 35 a. m.

POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Charlton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8 10 a. m, and 12 15 and 8 05 p. m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 5 20 and 9 40 a. m., and 5 45 p. m.

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